

FIFTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 29, 1971

Could He Win in '72?



**Ted
Kennedy**

Rivers

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**"Dear Santa,
this year please bring daddy his own Sony."**

It used to be toy trains. Now it's color Sonys.

Dad buys the kid one for Christmas.

Dad ends up hogging it.

But doesn't Dad have the big family color TV console in the living room?

He does.

Only the picture on the Sony is brighter and sharper than the one on the console.

Moral for parents thinking of buying a Sony Trinitron color TV (and *this* Christmas there's a 9-inch and a 12-inch and a 17-inch size):

Let the kid have the console.

You keep the Sony.

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SONY COLOR TV

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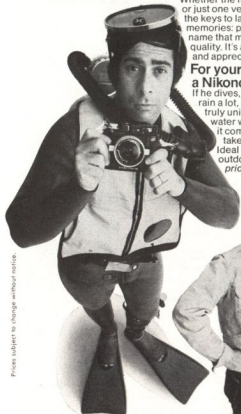
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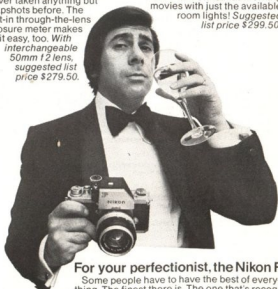
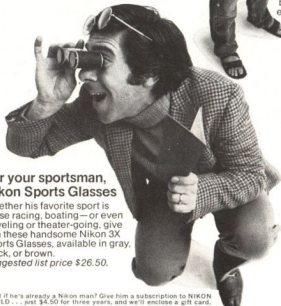
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Anyone with just a touch of the artist in his soul takes to this fine 35mm camera—it has a way of involving him in photography, even if he's never taken anything but snapshots before. The built-in through-the-lens exposure meter makes it easy, too. *With interchangeable 50mm f2 lens, suggested list price \$279.50.*



For your sportsman, Nikon Sports Glasses

Whether his favorite sport is horse racing, boating—or even traveling or theater-going, give him these handsome Nikon 3X Sports Glasses, available in gray, black, or brown. *Suggested list price \$26.50.*



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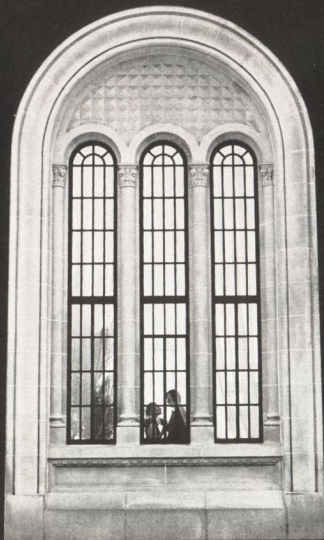
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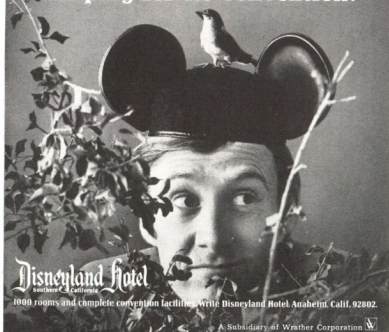
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LETTERS

Ending the Great Giveaway

Sir: So the Senate has killed foreign aid [Nov. 8], for the time being at least. Bureaucrats and dictatorships around the world can howl and mourn. The great "support America or else" giveaway has ended.

It is too bad, however, for the Bengalis and other innocent victims of disaster and turmoil. But they should not fear. Americans are a compassionate and benevolent people. Think of how much they could give to charity, food programs and disaster relief if they were not taxed to support the Viet Nam War, Selective Service, incompetent big business and go-carts on the moon.

Foreign aid will rise again, probably in altered form. The Senate will think twice about America's role as global cop and sugar daddy.

JURIS KAZA
Newton, Mass.

Sir: The Senate action in halting foreign aid is too good to be true—and probably won't last, as sanity in Congress is as ephemeral as the rainbow—but it was long, long past due.

The pocketbooks of American taxpayers have been drained, and the blood of their youth sacrificed, for the welfare of other nations, who at every opportunity treat us with the special kind of contempt reserved for suckers.

HERMAN S. KING
Newport News, Va.

Sir: The reasons given for the Senate's action in cutting off foreign aid can only be disconcerting to those who expect competence in their elected officials.

Neither childish retribution, misread signs, weekend anxiety nor the absence of 32 Senators can justify such a colossal blunder.

Are these the men who shape the nation's future?

CHARLES H. CHRISTIANSEN
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.
Scott A.F.B., Ill.

Forgiven If Not Forgotten

Sir: From the noise made about our so-called defeat in the U.N. [Nov. 8], it seems like we are supposed to be suffering from a mass sense of *mea culpa*. But whose fault was it that Red China was branded an aggressor by the U.N.?

We have forgiven if not forgotten the Japanese and Germans since W.W. II. We live with them because we cannot live without them. We now join Red China for the same reason.

MALCOLM ROSHOLT
Rosholt, Wis.

Sir: An able historian should now start the first volume on the decline and fall of the United States of America.

DARIUS D. BUELL
Elmira, Mich.

Sir: Since when does a small group of cut-throats represent 750 million people? Have they ever held a democratic, free election in Communist China?

LARRY BURTON
Rockford, Ill.

Sir: By what stretch of your imagination could possible Chinese leadership of "an anti-colonialist drive on the white minority re-

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Meet the interesting people
who'll sell you
paintings,
satin jockey shirts,
sandals
and pregnant sculptures.

Iris Day (top left) is a pure Cantonese-Jamaican who grew up in London.

Her grown-up daughter works with drug addicts in America while Iris mothers artists at diversified Hills Galleries.

Art, wooden dishes, \$1 up.

Linda Gambrell, actress-wife, and *Eddy Thomas*, dancer-designer, run Boonoonoonoos (patois for "fantastic"), a boutique.

They sell love rings, Indian beads, heavy ties and cool threads.

At light prices.

In 1937, *Alan Brissett* became a cobbler apprentice to meet girls.

Thousands of ankles later, he's now Mr. Coral Sandal Shop (with a Mrs.), corner of King St. and Love Lane (no kidding).

Thongs, \$2. To measure.

Mallica Reynolds, wood-sculptor (\$10 to \$6000), is also *Kapo*, head of a mystical religion. Which is no mystery Saturday nights (sing, swing, sing).

Daytimes, shop (and listen) at his roadside studio.

The tales and wisdom are free.

Want a handmade nutmeg grater? Sexy silks? A bush jacket?

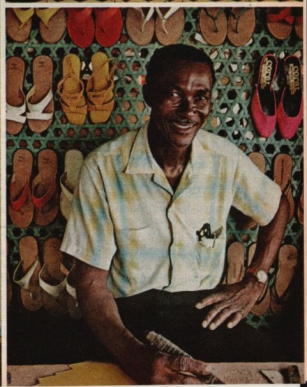
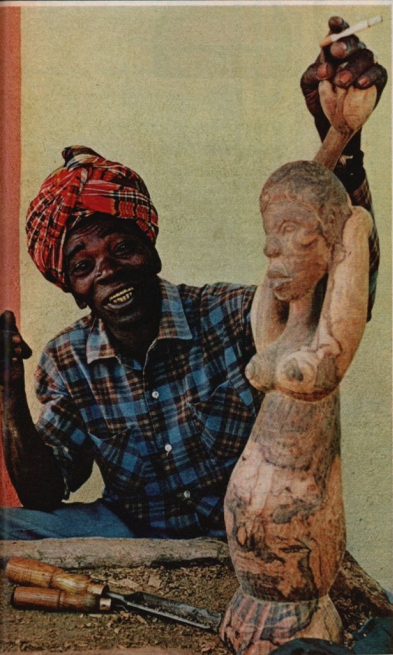
You can buy them from:

A friend of the late Errol Flynn (Mitchell's Tin Shop).

A retired Australian actress (Dorothy McNab).

A whiskered giant who sailed 72 days from England in 1958 in a 38-foot sloop with a pregnant wife (Beard & Co.).

For more of fascinating men, women, shops and other things see a travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Miami, Detroit, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal.





A



B



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Which one is the original Canadian whisky?

Answer: A and B. Today's Canadian Club is identical to the original formula Canadian whisky created by our founder, Hiram Walker, almost 100 years ago.

In those days, whisky-making was a sideline for farmers. Using whatever grain was left after the auctions were done and the livestock provided for.

But Mr. Walker was a knowledgeable grain merchant. He believed that a particular formulation of carefully chosen grains—when distilled, aged and blended just so—would create whisky of a unique character. Far above and apart from any other.

Indeed it did! Hiram Walker had created the

lightest whisky in the world. Sublimely smooth. An extraordinary marriage of delicate body and mellow flavor. Canadian Club was born.

Today, Mr. Walker's original formula remains unchanged. Canadian Club is still made the same way. With the same ingredients. In the same place. Its taste is not found, nor has it ever been matched, in any other whisky. Anywhere.

Try the original C.C. tonight. And enjoy a taste of history.

Canadian Club

gime in South Africa" be termed "real trouble"? Trouble for whom? Certainly it would not be trouble for the majority population of millions of suppressed black people in South Africa.

CAROLYN B. HUFF
Atlanta

Idiotic History

Sir: It is amazing that anyone would buy L.B.J.'s memoirs [Nov. 8] and thereby eat the same old sanctimonious bunk and lies that have already been fed us once during the past several years. Paying for this claptrap is like paying for the Viet Nam War, which is one long, idiotic history of throwing good money after bad.

PAUL KAPLAN
Coral Gables, Fla.

Sir: Hugh Sidey's assessment of Lyndon B. Johnson should be preserved in the National Archives as the best assessment to date of the vainest, most temperamental, blundering egotist to serve in the White House.

STEVE J. VEKICH
Marietta, Ohio

How Much on the Left Bank?

Sir: Picasso [Nov. 1], artist of the century? Well, maybe. Who am I to argue with the millions of better qualified art experts who say so?

But if one of these experts had spent his life on a desert island, unconditioned by any knowledge of modern art—or, to be fair, by any knowledge of traditional great masters either—and suddenly came back to normal society as a reasonably intelligent man with a well-developed ap-

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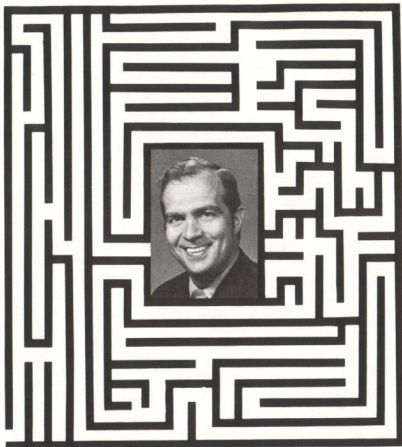
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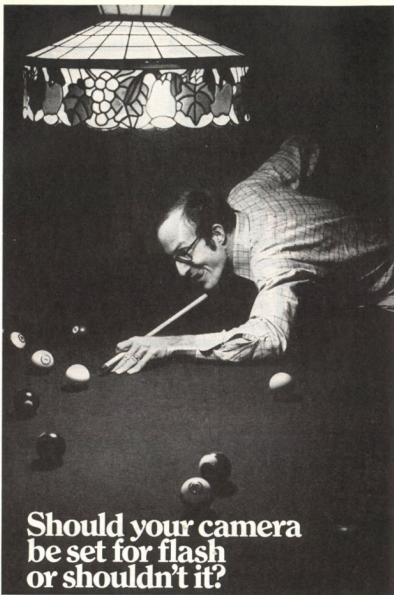
Dave holds a BA degree from DePauw University and is presently a candidate for an MBA from the University of Chicago Business School. He and his wife and eight children live in LaGrange, where they are active in community affairs.

David Vear is reaching high goals by helping others reach theirs. Maybe he's someone you should know. You'll find him at the C.G. office, Oak Brook Executive Plaza.

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Should your camera be set for flash or shouldn't it?

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And, flash or no flash, you never have to worry about shutter speeds and lens openings. The camera adjusts itself automatically for a per-

fect picture every time. In any light. Even time exposures are automatic.

Think not, before you shoot. The electronic Minolta Hi-matic E is about \$160 with flash and case (camera and case only, about \$140). For information, see your dealer or write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglaphoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta Hi-matic E

The automatic everything camera.

preciation of beauty, I wonder how many of these paintings he would buy from a Left Bank stall for a dollar apiece.

CARL H. PETERSON
Ibiza, Spain

Sir: Why does Pablo Diego José Francisco de Paula Juan Nepomuceno Crispín Cipriano de la Santísima Trinidad Ruiz Picasso choose to call himself Picasso? In traditional Spanish, the last name is the mother's maiden name. It should always be used in connection with the father's surname, which in this case is Ruiz.

CARLOS R. WEISSENBERG
Guatemala City, Guatemala

► Around the turn of the century, the young artist decided to use Picasso alone because it was less common than Ruiz and to show his affection for his mother.

Misplaced

Sir: In your story discussing the cyclical machine-tool business [Nov. 1], you included the following: "Carl L. Sadler, president of Cincinnati's Sundstrand Corp."

I wish to point out that Sundstrand Corp. is a multidivisional firm headquartered in Rockford, Ill.

CARL L. SADLER
President
Sundstrand Corp.
Rockford, Ill.

Russian Catastrophe

Sir: For the Russians to lose the race to the moon, it was a disappointment, but to lose the World Chess Championship will be a catastrophe, especially if the winner is American Bobby Fischer [Nov. 8]. It is akin to the Russians sending us football, basketball and baseball teams and then beating the Colts, the Celtics and the Orioles, all on the same day!

J.C. DE LA TORRE, M.D.
Chicago

Sir: I have studied all nine games between Fischer and Petrosian and came to the conclusion that your Grand Master Bobby Fischer, so far, was just lucky.

ALEX HAZARIAN
Teheran

Credit to a Partner

Sir: Your article on the destruction of the Chicago Stock Exchange Building [Nov. 1] was appreciated by all of us who worked so hard to save this landmark.

The Stock Exchange, however, and all of the "39 Sullivan buildings," with the exception of the Carson Pirie store, were the work of the partnership of Dankmar Adler and Louis Sullivan. It was Adler who designed the floating caisson foundations that supported one wall of the Stock Exchange, thereby ending the problem of uneven settlement of buildings. Many of the firm's building designs were due to Adler's engineering expertise. Although I speak with a certain prejudice as Adler's granddaughter, architectural historians agree that much credit given to Sullivan alone belongs to his partner as well.

JOAN W. SALTZSTEIN
Milwaukee

The Greater Bias

Sir: We wonder why Gloria Steinem [Nov. 8] fails to carry her drive for feminine equality to its logical end. While the title "Ms." may well help destroy prej-



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Answers to 5 basic questions about electronic watches.

(and 5 reasons why our electronics make wonderful gifts.)

1 What is an electronic watch?

Basically, it's a watch powered by an energy cell, or battery; it never needs winding. And it's transistorized, with a minimum of moving parts. Less parts. Less wear.

2 How often does the battery need replacing?

About once a year. It only takes a few minutes, and it is inexpensive.

3 Is an electronic watch more expensive to repair?

No more than a conventional watch. In fact, because it has fewer moving parts, it needs less service. And it's shock and water resistant to stand up under rugged wear.

4 Is it more accurate than other watches?

It's much more accurate than most conventional watches because it runs on a battery (which has an even flow of power) instead of a mainspring (which doesn't).

It splits time into extremely fine parts (28,800 oscillations per hour) for greater accuracy. It has a jewel at the critical points of wear. It has a transistorized circuit, (with no corroding electrical contacts).

5 Do electronic watches cost a lot?

Some do. Some don't. The handsome variety of Tradition Electronics pictured here range from under forty-five to under one-hundred dollars. And each includes a calendar window that changes the date every 24 hours.

All are expertly and carefully made with the same Swiss craftsmanship which created the first electronic timepiece twenty-two years ago.

All are guaranteed for one year: accurate to within two minutes a month, or return to Sears for replacement or refund.

The guarantee, the price range, and the craftsmanship make the Tradition Electronic a wonderful value.



The Tradition Electronic. From under \$45 to under \$100.
Only at

Sears

Pictured above is the most tightfisted, thrifty man in America.

He is Ralph Ginzburg, the New York magazine publisher. No one holds on to money more tenaciously than he. Mr. Ginzburg has made a career of perfecting and implementing ingenious methods of making and saving money. Now he has even launched a publication devoted to that subject. Its name is Moneyworth.

Moneyworth is more than just a manual of Ralph Ginzburg's personal financial plays. It is a brash, jolly, authoritative Fagin School in the art and science of shrewd investment and expenditure. It covers personal finance, investments, consumer affairs (including product ratings), and just about every other facet of money management.

Perhaps the best way to describe Moneyworth is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

The New Japanese Cars: A Rating

At Last, A Proven Method for Beating the Stock Market—How a little-known Government publication has been used by sophisticated investors to quadruple their gains over the past 10 years (compared with gains of the Dow-Jones average). Fortune magazine calls the method "extraordinary."

How Ralph Ginzburg Earns Interest of 50% from a California Savings Bank (Insured) How to Collect Social Security from Canada and the United States Simultaneously

The Third Most Expensive Item You'll Ever Buy—It's your funeral, and Moneyworth tells how to minimize the grief.

Is She or Isn't She?—A little-known, reliable \$2 mail-order self-test kit for pregnancy lets her know for sure.

"How We Live on Less than \$75 a Month"

Earn Interest on Your Checking Account

The Unshrouded Facts About Life Insurance—This article may save you hundreds of dollars.

Sewing Machines that Seam Fine—Why Moneyworth chose a \$40 model as its best buy.

Living Alone without Getting Soaked—By novelist Sloan Wilson.

Freeze-Dried Coffees Rated (and Berated)

Small Bite—How to get dentures from one of America's top dental clinics for only \$40.

Water Beds Are Making a Big Splash

Hiring a Lawyer to Avoid the Draft

How to Hold onto Your Auto Insurance

Food Fit for King: Best Bites in Dog Food

A Blast at Aerosol Cans—How they threaten your health and pick your pocketbook.

Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

The Wisdom of Maintaining a Secret Swiss Banking Account—Half a million Americans can't be wrong.

America's 25 Best Free Colleges—As rated by the students themselves.

The Boom in Going Bust—The growing popularity of personal bankruptcies.

How to Get a Divorce without a Lawyer

Air Travel at 50% Off

Ski Areas without Steep Prices

Drug Combinations that Can Kill You

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Both a Borrower and Lender Be—Shrewd use of your life insurance's little-known loan feature.

How College Students Can Get Food Stamps

Undetected Bank Errors—A report on the untold millions of dollars lost each year by consumers who fail to reconcile their monthly bank statements.

The Most Dangerous Car of All

Tax-Free Bonds for the Small Investor

Franchising: Perils of "Being Your Own Boss"

Investing in Scotch—The profits are staggering.

A Consumer's Guide to Prostitution

Quadruplicate Hi-Fi: Great Innovation or Commercial Hype?

Wheeling and Dealing for a New Bike—Which are the best buys and how to bargain for them.

The Painful Truth about Circumcision

How to Contest a Bad Credit Rating

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An evaluation by brand name.

How Two Widows Nearly Got Merrill Lynch Illustrated Sex Manuals—A buying guide.

The Link Between Heart Attack and Coffee—A suppressed report by a member of the President's Commission on Heart Disease.

The Spirit of '72—A report on the new "light" whiskey that has the industry in ferment.

A Guide to Low-Cost Legal Abortion

Easy-Riding Motorcycles: New Models Rated

The Best of the Good Book—An evaluation of currently-available editions of The Bible.

Safety Bug—A preview of the Volkswagen model being developed to replace the easily crushed "Beetle."

statute book—and came out the winner in court. Many, many thanks."—W.R. Wendel, Hicksville, N.Y.

"Thanks to your article 'How to Buy a New Car for \$1.25 Above Dealer's Cost,' I have just purchased a Malibu Sport Coupe at a saving that I conservatively estimate at \$350."—Ron Bromert, Anita, Iowa

"I am grateful for your tip on 'Tax Savings for Teachers'—which saved me the cost of a tax accountant and got me every high income tax refund."—Charles Bryan; Brooklyn, N.Y.

"Your article on low-cost, unadvertised trans-Atlantic air fares enabled me to save \$18.08 on a vacation to Ireland. In addition, once I was there, I saved \$64 on a car rental, thanks to your advice."—Bernard Bullen; Bronx, N.Y.

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judicial distinctions between married and unmarried women, it still invites the greater bias applied to all women.

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(MR.) WILLIAM E. GREFFIN
(MR.) ROBERT IVANISZEK
Mather A.F.B., Calif.

Due Credit

Sir: In your article "Occupational Hazard" [Nov. 1] you referred to the story *The Emperor's New Clothes* and claimed it was first described by Hans Christian Andersen in 1837. This is entirely incorrect. From our current study of Spanish literature, we know that the idea for *The Emperor's New Clothes* was first conceived by Don Juan Manuel, who lived from 1282 to 1348.

We believe credit should be given where credit is due.

SPANISH IV CLASS
Marquette High School
Michigan City, Ind.

► To give credit where it is due: Hans Christian Andersen noted, "We are indebted to the Spanish author, Prince Don Juan Manuel, for this amusing idea."

Two Types?

Sir: Saying there are only two types of Texans is like saying there are only two types of writers: pornographic and comic book. That article on the Texas State Fair [Nov. 1] was an insult—to Texas, yes; but mostly to you and your writer.

(MRS.) PAMELA S. STRANGE
Kilgore, Texas

Sir: Re your article on the Texas State Fair: I have never known a Texan who drank rye whisky, unless he had just moved here from "Fun City." I have heard very few who speak with the accent indicated in the article, but then I live in South Texas, where we speak with a Spanish accent. New York's various boroughs speak a strange English too.

I think poor Mark Goodman has lost contact with reality, or at least the real world west of the Hudson. Would you really believe that some of us like it out here even better than we like New York?

LAWRENCE HENRI WHITMIRE
Houston

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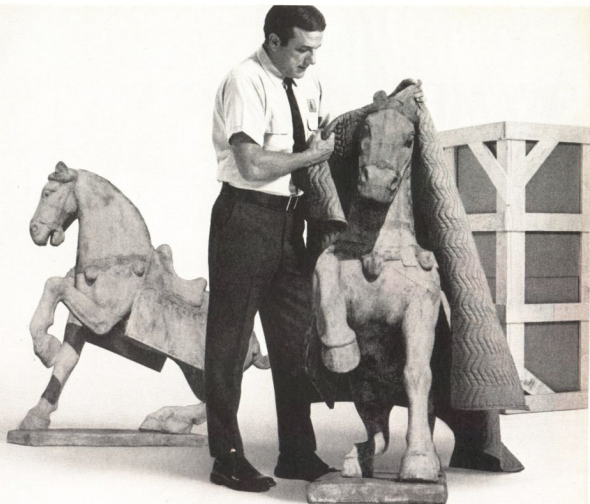
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Horses require gentle care. Especially when they get to be 1200 years old.

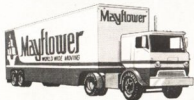
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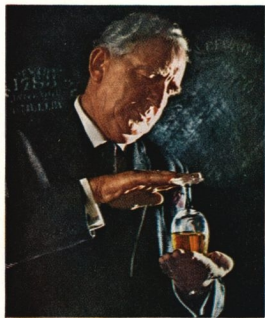
Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine.
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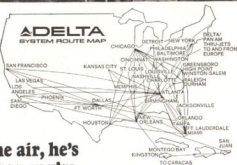


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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Loosened Loyalties

For Richard Nixon, it was not a particularly comforting week. Two powerful groups long on generally friendly terms with him turned on his policies—in one case with deliberate rudeness, in the other with homiletic eloquence. Organized labor has been as cordial to Nixon as to any Republican President in memory, backing him particularly on the war and on law-and-order. But Nixon took the calculated risk of appearing before the biennial convention of the AFL-CIO in Bal Harbour, Fla., a day after it had instructed the labor members of the Pay Board not to co-operate in forming Phase II wage guidelines (see THE ECONOMY). President George Meany even refused a White House request to have *Hail to the Chief* accompany Nixon's entrance. During the speech, some of Nixon's pleas for labor support in carrying out Phase II were greeted with snide laughter.

The U.S. Roman Catholic Church has been sympathetic to the President in the past. While a vocal minority of priests and laymen has strongly opposed the war, the Catholic hierarchy had always refused to take a stand against it. But at a Washington convocation last week, the church's American bishops approved a resolution calling for an end to the war "with no further delay." "At this point in history," the bishops' statement read, "it seems clear to us that whatever good we hope to achieve through continued involvement in this war is not outweighed by the destruction of human life and of moral values which it inflicts." One bishop, the Most Rev. Thomas J. Gumbleton of Detroit, went so far as to say that anyone who reaches that moral judgment "may not participate in the war."

Turning Inward?

That word again. Isolationism. Speaking at N.Y.U. last week, Lyndon Johnson denounced a "new coalition of isolationists, conservatives and liberals, who seek to diminish America's role in the world—for entirely different reasons." At another point he said: "We cannot just get up and go home. Telling a man to go to hell and making him go there are two different propositions."

Quite a few Americans these days seem inclined to tell the rest of the world to go to hell. It is not isolationism in the old sense, but rather a turning inward to urgent domestic concerns, a somewhat naive disillusionment

over the fact that America is neither omnipotent nor universally loved, and a confusion about just what the U.S. role in the world henceforth should be. On Capitol Hill, Administration operatives were still fighting last week to revive the foreign aid bill, which had been killed by the Senate. They achieved partial success when Congress agreed to extend aid until Dec. 8. But then the Senate upset the White House all over again when the Appropriations Committee adopted an amendment requiring the withdrawal of 60,000 troops from Europe by next June. That would reduce U.S. forces in NATO by one-fifth.

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mans-

released by a special Ohio grand jury last year that absolved the National Guard of any responsibility in the slaying of four Kent State students. The grand jury indicted 24 youths and one professor on state riot charges.

U.S. District Judge William K. Thomas found the jury's report so blatantly biased that he ordered those conclusions exonerating the Guardsmen and condemning the university officials expunged from the record. Finally the court ordered the entire document destroyed. Still, the indictments are not legally bound to the jury's report. So the irony is that even though the report has been invalidated, the trials are to begin this week because the U.S. Supreme Court has refused to stay them.

Let There Be No Mistake . . .

A resemblance to a famous personage is a readily exploitable commodity, but few have taken as much advantage of natural coincidence as Actor James LaRoe. In case anyone is uncertain as to



ACTOR DIXON & FRIENDS IN "HARPER'S BAZAAR" SPOOF
But no attempt to out-Milhou David Frye.

field has favored even greater reductions, but he sounded a monitory note. "Notwithstanding the diminution of the U.S. military presence abroad," he said, "the U.S. is not about to disappear from the international scene. This nation's weight is immense and it will continue to be felt in many ways and in many places." It was a timely reminder.

Death of a Dubious Report

On a solemn morning in Ravenna, Ohio, last week, a small group of on-lookers and newsmen gathered behind the Portage County courthouse to watch Mrs. Lucy DeLeone, clerk of the courts, put the match to one of the most controversial documents in recent U.S. history. She burned an 18-page document

whom Mr. LaRoe, 44, favors, here is the last clue: his stage name is Richard M. Dixon. The transmogrification from LaRoe to Dixon has brought the actor unwonted success. He will impersonate the President in a six-page fashion spread in *Harper's Bazaar* in January, as well as in the more cerebral *Harper's* magazine. He has recently finished filming a satiric movie—titled *Richard*.

Dixon relies solely on visual impact; he makes no attempt to out-Milhou David Frye, an uncanny mimic. Dixon is often mistaken for Nixon on the street, and though he has never been introduced to the President, he did meet Julie Eisenhower in Washington recently. Says Dixon: "She reminded me of my own 22-year-old daughter Kathy." Well, of course.

Politics: Who Should Pay?

RUNNING for elective office is a big business these days. Costs are scandalously high even for a congressional campaign. For a presidential race, they reach the astronomical. Richard Nixon spent \$29 million in his last election campaign; he is expected to pay out as much as \$50 million to win a second term. Yet politicians have remained remarkably complacent about it all. They refuse to amend the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, though not a single person has been convicted under its provisions. Big contributors are scarcely deterred by a prohibition against giving more than \$5,000 to a single candidate; they simply spread their largesse among several committees bearing such deceptively nonpartisan titles as Americans for Greater Public Awareness or Committee for Political Integrity.

Little effort has been made to tighten up the law; last year President Nixon vetoed a bill that would have limited campaign spending on broadcasting. But growing public pressure, abetted by such groups as Common Cause and the National Committee for an Effective Congress, has forced a new look at the whole murky apparatus of campaign funding.

Congress is now considering four separate proposals. Last week the House debated three measures that impose some kind of limit on campaign spending, especially for television. The Senate was busy with an amendment to the tax bill that would finance presidential campaigns out of the federal treasury.

PUBLIC FINANCING. Reaction to the public-financing proposal split straight down party lines. The Democrats, who sorely need the money, spoke in favor of it; the Republicans, who are well-heeled going into 1972, denounced it. The plan would allow a taxpayer to check off \$1 as a contribution to the presidential campaign. Under the formula, each of the major parties would be permitted to spend up to \$20.4 million in 1972, provided enough taxpayers cooperate. Lesser amounts would be given to minor party candidates; George Wallace, for example, would receive an estimated \$6,000,000. A candidate would not be obligated to accept public financing, but if he did, he could not take money from private sources. To keep the measure from coming to a vote, Republicans offered one amendment after another; finally, they agreed to vote this week. In the meantime, the White House cranked up a campaign to defeat the proposal. Nixon returned from a Florida trip to supervise the operation; he threatened to veto the entire tax bill if the amendment were attached to it. Clark MacGregor, the chief White House liaison man with Congress, argued that the plan would rob the Treasury of money that would have to be replaced from another source. He also contended that the check-off system would "freeze

out minor parties" and "render immune from change the central structure of each major party."

TV LIMITATION. Last August a bill was passed by the Senate, 88-2, putting a lid on campaign spending of 10¢ for every eligible voter in the area where the candidate is running. Of this, no more than 6¢ per voter could be spent on TV and radio advertising. In the presidential election, such a limitation would mean that a candidate could not spend more than \$8.4 million for broadcasting; Richard Nixon paid \$12.6 million in 1968. Since that Senate bill came un-



"Of course, there are SOME forms of inflation of which I approve."

der the jurisdiction of two House committees, Administration and Commerce, each reported out its own version. They weakened some features of the Senate bill, strengthened others. Debate focused on whether a spending limitation would help an incumbent, since a challenger might be prevented from buying enough advertising to make himself known. A congressional incumbent can take credit for roads and dams in his district and inundate his constituents with campaign mail sent free of charge from his office. Only by spending considerable money can a challenger usually catch up (TIME Essay, May 17).

Informal Filibuster. Republicans were unhappy because none of the measures clamped down on labor contributions to Democratic candidates. As in the Senate, the Republicans staged an informal filibuster in the House. They kept demanding quorum calls, so the House leadership agreed to put off the vote until after the Thanksgiving recess.

One reason that Congress is likely to act is that campaign costs have soared out of control. In 1968, some \$300 million was spent on campaigning for all offices—federal, state and local. The cost is bound to be even greater in 1972. The major outlay is for television: a 60-second spot, a favorite of candidates in 1968, costs almost \$50,000 in prime time. But there are other expensive items that have been added to the well-stocked campaign: computer data banks with voter profiles, professional pollsters, \$500-a-day political consultants.

It takes a rich man—or a man with rich friends (see opposite page)—to run a serious campaign for high office. To be sure, money is not everything. Though Richard Ottinger won the 1970 senatorial primary in New York by swamping television with skillfully produced spot ads, he could not spend enough to win the election against James Buckley. Rich backers usually demand a *quid pro quo*—or try to. In 1968, Stewart Mott, son of the largest stockholder of General Motors' directors, offered to provide Hubert Humphrey with badly needed cash if the candidate would change his policies on Viet Nam; Humphrey refused. Last August, dairy farmers contributed some \$250,000 to the Republican Party—after the Agriculture Department reversed its policy and raised the support price for milk.

Last week Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst testified at a bribery trial that the defendant had offered to contribute \$100,000 to the Republican Party if certain stock fraud indictments were quashed.

"Voluntary" Deductions. Though forbidden to contribute to political campaigns, corporations give bonuses to officers who thereupon hand them over to a favored candidate. Or a corporation may donate supplies or the use of an airplane to a candidate. Labor unions are not allowed to contribute members' dues to campaigns, so they set up separate funds to finance candidates. The National Marine Engineers Beneficial Association hit on making its pensioners pay for political campaigns. Each month, \$10 is "voluntarily" deducted from every pension check and put into a fund that has become the largest single contribution to the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education.

No one can be sure what shape reform should take, or how changes can be made foolproof or consistently beneficial. Some feel that a man should be free to give as much as he wants to any party or candidate. The fact remains, however, that big money distorts the political scene. The only alternative to reform is still greater dominance of American public life by the fat cats who know, as California Political Veteran Jess Unruh regrettably observes, that "money is the mother's milk of politics." At this point, almost any congressional action would be better than nothing.

Of Fat Cats and Other Angels

JUST \$500 used to be enough to buy an ambassadorship. Now it can't even get you a seat in the front row." When Comedian Bob Hope drops that line on the political banquet circuit, it is always good for a few chuckles, especially from that shadowy elite whose six-figure donations keep America's political campaign machinery operating. Call them fat cats, angels, big-money men—by any name, they are all but indispensable to a serious candidate for the presidency.

In his prevention campaign in 1968, Richard Nixon spent an estimated \$10 million, even though he faced no serious challenge in the primaries. To raise the money, he drew upon an assortment of well-known and not-so-well-known contributors. Insurance Millionaire W. Clement Stone, Chicago's—and perhaps the country's—foremost political philanthropist, has said that he gave Nixon more than \$500,000 for his prevention and election campaign. Others who contributed more than generously included John Hay Whitney, Colorado Oilman John M. King, and John Olin of the Illinois chemical family.

For 1972, Nixon has already built up a huge financial edge over the Democrats. The spectacular Republican fund-raisers in 20 cities three weeks ago brought in a cool \$5,000,000. Another \$30 million has been banked from a combination of fund-raisers, private gifts and special-interest contributions.

By contrast, the Democrats are in penury. The party's campaign fund contains a meager \$500,000; debts totaling \$9.3 million remain unpaid from the 1968 campaign. There is Democratic money to be had, but there are too many candidates competing in an uncertain situation for any of the high rollers to empty their wallets this early. In his brief, six-week run for the nomination, Fred Harris had been able to raise only \$160,000 when he quit because he was bankrupt. Birch Bayh, before he dropped out of contention when his wife became ill, reportedly received \$150,000 from Milton Gilbert, former chief executive of the Gilbert Flexi-Van Corp., and \$50,000 or more from at least three other backers. Of the remaining candidates, active or otherwise, only a few are on sound fiscal footing.

HUBERT HUMPHREY. "Hubert's money is in escrow," says one Democrat. When he does pull out the stops, Humphrey can look for assistance to an impressive array of bank accounts—led by a Minnesota financier and longtime Humphrey backer, Dwayne Andreas. Arthur Krim, the New York theater magnate, is still thought to be in the Humphrey camp, and Eugene Wyman, H.H.H.'s big Southern California money raiser, has never left it. At a 60th birthday gala for

Humphrey last May, one Democratic pro gasped: "My God, there's half a billion dollars here."

EDMUND MUSKIE. As yet, no millionaire industrialists or oilmen have primed Muskie's campaign pump. There are in his camp a number of \$10,000-and-under givers, among them Norman Cousins, who resigned last week as editor of the *Saturday Review*; Martin Stone, board chairman of Monogram Industries; and Sumner Redstone, president of Northeast Theater Corp. Muskie also received a boost last week with the addition of William T. King, a G.O.P. fund-raiser, to his financial retinue. That was something of a coup. King, who has raised hundreds

Jackson and has long been in charge of his fund-raising. Another law-school classmate and Seattle jeweler, Paul Friedlander, is a big backer. Two other angels are Dan Martin, a large stockholder in the Los Angeles Rams, and Victor Carter, a Los Angeles philanthropist. Jackson's staffers contend that an insignificant portion of his financing flows from the military-industrial community. **GEORGE MCGOVERN.** Though he stands at just 4% in the Democratic popularity polls, McGovern has the most admirable fund-raising operation of all. Without relying upon the checkbooks of the big spenders, he has raised \$1,100,000 thus far from some 50,000 contributors—most of them answering direct-mail solicitations. Two large contributions included \$25,000 from his finance chair-



WILLIAM T. KING



W. CLEMENT STONE



MARTIN PERETZ

of thousands of dollars in California for Nixon, Ronald Reagan and the G.O.P. since 1966, declared that he was changing candidates because he believes Muskie has "character" and Nixon does not. **EUGENE MCCARTHY.** In 1968 Clean Gene led the list of preconvention spenders with an \$11 million outlay. He may not have that much this time round, but neither is he in financial trouble. Harvard Professor Martin Peretz, who gave McCarthy \$100,000 to run last time, is one of about 20 contributors who have already put up \$200,000 for another campaign. Peretz, whose wife is a Singer heiress, is hesitant to throw the vault wide open "unless Gene shows the determination to make a hard and serious effort." If McCarthy does that, the money is obviously there.


HENRY JACKSON. Money has not been one of Scoop Jackson's worries, and it will not be a problem as primary season opens. With Humphrey holding back, Jackson is the most successful Democrat at pulling in big money at fund-raisers; at a \$1,000-a-couple buffet two weeks ago, he netted close to \$200,000. The key figure is Stanley Golub, a Seattle wholesale jeweler who went to law school with

man, Henry Kimelman, and from Max Palevsky, chairman of the Xerox executive committee.

Of the others in the running—John Lindsay, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty and Republican Representative Paul McCloskey—only Yorty has received a number of substantial individual gifts. His main supporter is his campaign manager, Sam Bretzfeld, a Los Angeles garment manufacturer. Charles Luckman, the architectural mogul, is another big contributor. Lindsay, on the other hand, is running out of pocket and wooing New York moneyed liberal Republicans; he has deserted their party, but Lindsay aides are still counting on their support.

Of all the candidates, McCloskey is in the tightest financial bind. His sole big-time benefactor is California Industrialist Norton Simon, who so far has given \$40,000. Otherwise, McCloskey has had to appeal to the small giver. "Pete McCloskey," read an ad in last week's *New York Times*, "would rather have his campaign financed by 10,000 people who want to participate directly than by a few big spenders. It's an old-fashioned, democratic idea."

The Non-Candidacy of



IN a cold autumn drizzle, a crowd of 100 waited on the macadam at Allegheny County Airport. They had been standing there, soggly, for five hours. When his plane finally taxied in through the puddles and Edward Kennedy stepped off, it came—a current of slightly awesome arousal, a rush of something more than just celebrity. People surged, straining to shake his hand, to touch him, collect an autograph or simply stand near. With a touch of marvel, a Kennedy aide remarked: "They aren't Bobby crowds yet. But they're close."

Such scenes are repeated in other cities, epiphanies of the old Kennedy magic. They confirm what all pollsters and politicians know—that against all expectations of two years ago, Edward Moore Kennedy has become a compelling if not predictable presence in the 1972 presidential race. Insistently disavowing any interest in running, shadowed by that night at Chappaquiddick, the last Kennedy brother must nonetheless be regarded as a major candidate for the Democratic nomination.

A Harris poll last week showed him the first choice of rank-and-file Democrats, leading Muskie by 26% to 19%, with Humphrey following at 16%. The Gallup poll, in a two-way contest, had Muskie the front runner, ahead of Kennedy, 50% to 39%, among Democratic voters.

Full Stride

"I have said I am not a candidate," Kennedy repeats, "and I don't believe in drafts. I can't see myself reconsidering under any circumstances." The intriguing thing is that he has said just that on 25 trips round the country during the past ten months. Since last August, he has also raced abroad to India, Israel and Sweden on a trajectory that would mark any other man as a candidate in full stride. Humorist Art Buchwald, reflecting on such a frenetically busy non-candidacy, fantasied Kennedy riding up Fifth Avenue "in an open convertible, with his wife Joan, hoping to discourage New Yorkers from considering him as a Democratic hopeful."

Kennedy's non-candidacy is elaborately ambiguous, involving some deep and painful hesitations. The questions of Chappaquiddick remain in the public's mind and perhaps in Kennedy's own. He also has tragically good reasons to fear that he might not live through a race for the White House: even now he probably receives more death threats than any other American political figure except the President. Still he remains powerfully fascinated by the presidency—if not next year, then in 1976 or perhaps some election year beyond. Now 39, he could theoretically be a plausible candidate in elections up to the year 2000.

What politicians call "the Kennedy thing" is a psychological compound of iridescent myth and charisma, excitement and guilt, admiration and sometimes a morbid voyeurism. Even the blandest men in power—William McKinley, for example—can draw a maniac's fire. But the Kennedys are freighted with American legend and invite the passionate involvement of strangers. It shows in the grimy and lonely attention of people who have carved away pieces of the Dike Bridge at Chappaquiddick for souvenirs, or those who have taken to the Kennedy Center like locusts, swiping prisms from the chandeliers, bits of the wall coverings and pink marble handles from the ladies'-room faucets.

Broken Promises

In a Kennedy campaign, the dark and light sides shimmer together in a radical instability. Robert's headlong drive through the 1968 primaries often threatened to turn into something like the riot at Rudolph Valentino's funeral. Even now, in his non-campaign, Ted Kennedy knows what superstar's confusions he can cause. Oregon's Republican Senator Robert Packwood remembers a trip he took with Ted to some hospitals and health centers in Chicago and Cleveland as part of their work for the Senate health subcommittee of which Kennedy is chairman.

"It's the first time I've had such an experience in my life," says Packwood. "It wasn't political. It was regal. People wanted to touch him—not just 21-year-old student nurses but 45-year-old orthopedic specialists. It was astounding and a little frightening. I've never seen that reaction to anybody in my life, in politics or out. The closest thing I can remember was when I attended an Elvis Presley concert a long time ago."

One former Kennedy aide recalls a Boston antiwar parade in which Kennedy, one of the marchers, came up to a group of hardhats waving BACK OUR BOYS IN VIET NAM signs. "The hardhats cheered Ted and waved at him, and after he'd passed by, they continued waving their signs." To some extent the Kennedy mystique is non-ideological.

On his cross-country forays, he starts early, often before dawn, and caroms through political ceremonies until late at night. He opens his speeches with familiar, self-deprecatory laugh lines, some of them borrowed from Bobby and Jack. "I'm awfully glad to be here today," he says, "especially since I am just a young Senator out to make a name for himself." At a fund raiser in St. Paul, he began: "I've often dreamed of addressing a major convention in a major city. But, unfortunately, this is the wrong convention in the wrong city and a year early."

Edward Moore Kennedy

His standard theme, the "broken promises" speech, is a litany of charges against the Nixon Administration, which offers a series of accusations but few answers. "Not since the Great Depression 40 years ago has the spirit of America been so depressed," he declares in his familiar flat Boston baritone. "All that this Administration has given the American people is a shopping list of problems that grows longer every day." If it is not a campaign speech, none was ever delivered. After reciting the issues—Viet Nam, the economy, welfare reform, crime, Nixon's 1968 promise to "bring us together"—he limns "the kind of society we want," with peace, safety, no generation gap. "For the sake of our party, for the sake of our future, I ask you to march again as we marched before." Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke declares flatly: "Kennedy is running just as hard as Nixon is at this point."

Is he indeed running? The answer is complicated, depending upon 1) Kennedy's own psychology and decision to run some time in the next six to eight months; 2) whether a candidate, especially Edmund Muskie, can win enough of the primaries next spring to purchase a lock on the Democratic nomination; and 3) how vulnerable Richard Nixon looks from the perspective of the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach next July.

"Teddy has plenty of time," his sister Jean Smith says firmly, with an echo of the family's apprehensions. Eunice Shriver, who relishes politics as much as any Kennedy, is similarly negative about 1972. "Some day I'd like to see him in the White House," she says, "but only when he's ready." Ted himself, for all his campaigning, says reflectively, "I feel in my gut that it's the wrong time, that it's too early." And yet, when a friend recently asked Kennedy why he did not take himself out of the running with a Sherman statement, the Senator replied, "Why should I? I'd lose all my influence. I'd just be a Senator from Massachusetts."

Possible Scenario

The Democratic scenario for the next eight months contains mazes of possibilities. It is all but certain that Kennedy will not run in any of the primaries, even the late ones in New York and California, both of which could be prime Kennedy territories. But if the primaries prove inconclusive, with Muskie, George McGovern, Hubert Humphrey, Scoop Jackson and perhaps others dividing those preliminary spoils, it is more than possible that a convention might turn to Kennedy as the one man who, with his constituencies spanning the left, center and even some of the right, might unite the party to defeat Nixon.

But the Democrats, with their party reforms designed to prevent back-room convention brokering, might be reluctant to award the nomination to a man who had not taken his case to the people in the primaries. The speculations are fairly heady nonetheless. Some Democrats say that Kennedy would make a strong move for the nomination if he believed that it was about to go to Humphrey or Jackson, on the theory that either man would ensure a breakaway fourth-party movement on the left, thereby guaranteeing Nixon's re-election. Others maintain that Kennedy would have to try for the nomination if he saw New York's John Lindsay descending on the prize; better for Ted to head Lindsay off in 1972 than risk the New Yorker's becoming the party's glamorous leader in 1976.

The Nixon Factor

At the moment the Democratic campaign is only in the casting process, with candidates moving on and off the stage. Last week, in a triumph of fantasy over realism, Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty announced his candidacy, hoping for the party's rightward constituency. More persuasively, Washington's Scoop Jackson also entered. "The No. 1 priority in this country," said Jackson, "must be to put people back to work." Then he drew the distance between himself and the party's left: "Most Americans are fed up with people who are fed up with America. . . . This society is not a guilty, imperialist, oppressive society."

Humphrey seems poised to announce some time around the first of the year. Muskie remains overall the dominating force in the race, quietly commanding the party's center. Richard Nixon, from the comfortable vantage of incumbency, can watch the Democratic fighting with a certain equanimity. There is no White House consensus, however, on the potential opposition. Some in Nixon's high command think that Muskie would be the toughest man for the President to beat, believing that Muskie would unite most elements of the nation's majority party with the smallest flake-off at either end. Muskie could bring to television an effective counterimage to Nixon, as he did on election eve last November. Of Humphrey, Muskie and Kennedy, Nixon's political advisers think Humphrey would be the easiest to defeat. "He's got all those scars," says a Republican National Committee official, "and if you get Hubert, you're likely to get a fourth party."

But Kennedy is unpredictable. If he should become the Democratic nominee, the only certainty is that it would be an uncommonly dirty campaign. Already some automobile bumper stickers are

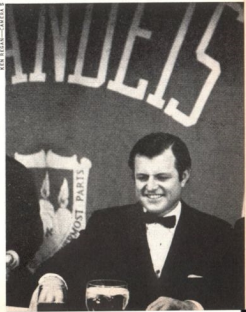
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GREETING CROWD IN ST. PAUL



TOURING IN BEDFORD-STUYVESANT



appearing: REMEMBER CHAPPAQUIDDICK AND WOULD MARY JO VOTE FOR TED? The Republican National Committee's newsletter *Monday* this month showed a sign that hangs on the office wall in the Shiretown Inn on Martha's Vineyard, where Kennedy was staying the weekend of Chappaquiddick: PLEASE DO NOT ASK US TO ANSWER QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE KENNEDY INCIDENT. THANK YOU, THE MANAGEMENT. Some handbills are circulating that bear a picture of Ted Kennedy and large type reading: WANTED—EDWARD MOORE KENNEDY, FOR MURDER OR PRESIDENT?

Playing Fair

Officially, the Republicans would probably never even have to mention Chappaquiddick. Says a G.O.P. operative in California: "We'd talk about character, about stability and morality, and the voters couldn't help thinking about Chappaquiddick. Compared with that incident, Nixon comes out looking sincere and upright and wholesome."

Ted Kennedy is the one man who might explain what happened on that July weekend when at the same time man was first setting foot on the moon—why and when he and Mary Jo Kopechne left the party at a cottage on the island, why and how he failed to summon help immediately instead of waiting until the next morning when his car was discovered under the Dike Bridge. A week afterward, he went on television with a carefully crafted and largely ghostwritten statement, pleading that while his conduct was indeed "indefensible," his doctors "informed me that I suffered a cerebral concussion as well as shock." In the national mind, the lacunae and the doubts remain. That night will surely be replayed endlessly if Kennedy wins the nomination.

But some politicians think that a backlash of sympathy might develop for Kennedy. Says a leading House Republican: "Half the women in this country don't believe it ever happened, and the other half are dying to forgive him for it." According to an informal survey by TIME's bureau chiefs across the nation, Chappaquiddick would not cut so deeply as an issue in a Kennedy run against Nixon as is commonly believed (see box, opposite). That could change if voters found themselves in the booths next November, forced to make a decisive judgment about the case. For the episode does indeed raise a serious question about Kennedy's potential behavior in the White House. One of the "boiler room" girls who attended the party that night has long been a Kennedy partisan. But she muses: "He's seen two brothers killed, and the Chappaquiddick thing has happened. How stable can anybody be in light of all that?"

Kennedy has been profoundly affected by Chappaquiddick. Some who know him believe that he is a wiser leader because of it. California Democratic Leader Jess Unruh declares: "That terrible

incident was an ordeal that made a hell of a better man out of Ted. Everything had been so easy for him. He was almost insufferable in 1969 when he won the job as Senate whip . . . Then came Chappaquiddick and he lost his whip job, too. Those experiences humbled him. That's on the private side. On the public side there is no doubt it has cost him votes." Mike Feldman, a former aide to John Kennedy, frequently plays tennis with Ted; he notices one small change: "Teddy bends over backward to be fair, is scrupulous about the calls, always giving the advantage to his opponent—and I haven't seen that in any other Kennedy."

For months after Chappaquiddick he was painfully withdrawn, but that period seems long since ended. Now he jokes easily. Recently, on a flight be-

and five acres in McLean, Va., overlook the Potomac River. Despite the back injury from his near-fatal 1964 air crash, he plays tennis frequently, at his own court or at Ethel's home at Hickory Hill, often coaching his two eldest children. He swims once or twice a week in the Senate gym, skis with the family on winter vacations and occasionally hazards a game of touch football.

Trick or Treat

When he is at home, Ted starts almost every day with bacon and eggs in the wood-paneled breakfast room with his three children—Kara, 11, Teddy Jr., 10, and Patrick, 4. He also eats dinner with them as often as possible. On Sundays he takes them to a guitar Mass at Holy Trinity Church in Georgetown,



ARRIVING FOR INQUEST ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The lacunae and the doubts remain.

tween Chicago and Salt Lake City, he was confronted in the aisle by a woman carrying a baby. Kennedy grinned and told the reporters with him, "Hey, get this." He elaborately faked kissing the baby, with a loud smooch an inch from the infant's cheek. Then he collapsed laughing in his seat.

After Bobby's death and again after Chappaquiddick, there was talk of his drinking heavily. Today, except at an occasional private party when he will have several Scotches, he drinks only a Dubonnet before lunch or a Cutty Sark Scotch or two before dinner. On the road he prefers a bottle of Heineken's beer. He smokes long, thin Filipino cigars and now, at 6 ft. 2 in. and 210 lbs., is winning his constant battle against overweight.

If he was inclined for a time to moody fatalism, his nearly hyperthyroid present political pace and his family life leave little time for brooding. The Kennedys' \$750,000 gray-shingled house

and he often scans the ads for family movies. When he is away, Kennedy calls home to talk to the children every night, a habit designed in part to assure them of his safety. Last year at Halloween, he startled his neighbors by joining the kids for the trick-or-treat rounds, dressed in a sheet.

As a surrogate father to Bobby's eleven children, Ted visits Hickory Hill about twice a week. Occasionally he takes the older ones on sailing trips or camping overnight. Last week, on the 46th anniversary of Bobby's birthday, Joan, Ted and their children joined Ethel and six of her sons and daughters to visit R.F.K.'s grave at Arlington National Cemetery. This week the family makes the trip again to observe the eighth anniversary of Jack's death.

At 8:15 a.m. on working days, Kennedy slips behind the wheel of his 1971 Pontiac GTO convertible and drives rapidly to the Capitol, one foot on the

A TIME Election Survey

Could He Win in '72 Despite Chappaquiddick?

IT has been more than 28 months since Senator Edward Kennedy drove a car off a bridge on Chappaquiddick Island, causing the death by drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne and, some thought, fatally injuring his chances of ever becoming President. In this survey, the TIME bureau chiefs who with the help of 76 local correspondents will report on the five major regions for the 1972 campaign were asked whether Ted could defeat Richard Nixon—with particular emphasis on the residue of Chappaquiddick. Their answers are not a forecast but a reading of present sentiment; any number of factors could change the situation. Nor do these reports attempt to judge other candidates who might do as well or better against Nixon.

The views below add up to surprising strength for Non-Candidate Kennedy. As of now, the TIME correspondents find the President two votes shy of the 270 Electoral College years needed for a second term. Kennedy has 188, with 82 votes in states too close to call. In short, Ted would have a chance. The findings, by region:

THE EAST: YES

New York Bureau Chief Frank McCulloch is responsible for New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, with 98 electoral votes.

Chappaquiddick will indeed be an issue, and it will hurt Kennedy—but not enough to offset his strengths. A Kennedy candidacy would make a Nixon-Kennedy election largely a personality contest, and the Kennedy charisma would outweigh Chappaquiddick, although the impact of the bridge would vary from state to state. He would probably lose in Delaware and Maryland. Chappaquiddick would reduce his chances in Pennsylvania to at best an even choice. But the freer lifestyles of New York and New Jersey place less premium on personal conduct. Kennedy would probably carry New Jersey, and he would certainly defeat Nixon in New York—and those two states would give him a majority of the region's electoral votes.

NEW ENGLAND: YES

Boston Bureau Chief John Stacks is responsible for the six New England states from Maine to Connecticut, with 37 electoral votes.

The liability of Chappaquiddick might lessen Kennedy's advantage in his home region, but it would not eliminate it, and he could carry the area quite comfortably. All of New England is suffering from a lagging economy, giving any Democrat a chance to win in the less conservative states. Kennedy could easily carry Rhode Island and his home state of Massachusetts, where he won re-election after Chappaquiddick, although by a reduced margin. Even Republican pros give Teddy an edge in Connecticut. In Maine, the issue would not be Chappaquiddick or the economy; it would be home-state resentment of Kennedy for beating Muskie out of the nomination. In that event, even if Muskie worked hard for Kennedy, Nixon might win there, as he surely would in Vermont and New Hampshire. But the Kennedy victories in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut would give Kennedy the area.

THE SOUTH: NO

Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph Kane is responsible for the eleven states of the Old Confederacy from Virginia to Texas, with 130 electoral votes.

Kennedy's whole being is out of step with the Southern lifestyle. He comes from the wrong place; his appearance is unkempt. To people here, he seems to talk funny and think differently. Southerners will not forget that Kennedy supported Charles Evers in Mississippi, that he was an early Viet Nam dove and that he helped sabotage Haynsworth and Carswell. The code word for all these attitudes is "Chappaquiddick." The word is heard often and is used, says Al-

abama Democratic State Chairman Bob Vance, "like a kick in the groin." In the Deep South most folks criticize Kennedy for having an unmarried girl in his car, which offends Southern Baptist fundamentalism. In the more moderate upper South, folks talk about Teddy's abdication of responsibility by swimming away from his duty in panic.

In Texas, Kennedy's candidacy would revive the feud between L.B.J. and Bobby Kennedy Democrats. In South Carolina, he would drive loyal conservative Democrats into the arms of Nixon again. In North Carolina, the old-line Dems like Terry Sanford would vote for him, but east Carolina residents would follow Wallace, and people in the Piedmont would return to Nixon. In short, Teddy would be wise to sit out the next election if his success depends on the South.

THE MIDWEST: NO

Chicago Bureau Chief Gregory Wierzynski is responsible for 15 states ranging from Ohio to Oklahoma, with 168 electoral votes.

This region is one of the hardest to gauge. Because of farm unrest over low crop and livestock prices at a time of rising costs, Nixon is vulnerable in states where farmers could make the difference. The Midwest likes Muskie's soothing style and Humphrey's farm and labor expertise. It distrusts the shrillness and controversy that surround Kennedy, and he would be least likely among Democrats to take full advantage of Nixon's weakness. Kennedy could probably carry Minnesota, Michigan and South Dakota—but they might be all.

Chappaquiddick does have a bite here, particularly in the Bible Belt areas of Kansas and Nebraska and in the Catholic pockets of Wisconsin. The suggestion that Kennedy, a married man, might have been involved with a single woman pains many. The Democratic Party pros seem to feel more strongly about the issue than many rank-and-file Democrats. When asked about Ted, Democratic state chairmen here tend to snap: "He's the fellow who went off the bridge." To carry the area, Kennedy would have to break through in such large states as Wisconsin, Missouri, Ohio and Illinois. But the Democratic Party in Ohio seems too badly split to unite behind Kennedy. Chappaquiddick could be decisive in Wisconsin and Missouri, and polls show Nixon slightly ahead of Kennedy in Illinois. Although the odds are against him, Kennedy nevertheless would be no pushover in the area.

THE WEST: YES

Los Angeles Bureau Chief Don Neff is responsible for 13 states stretching from New Mexico to Montana and west to Alaska and Hawaii, with 102 electoral votes.

The key in this region is California, with its 45 electoral votes, and there are few states in the nation where Kennedy is more popular. His attractiveness to the young, the minorities and the old-line Democrats, who hold a large registration advantage, makes him a politician's dream here. He is probably the only Democrat who could beat Nixon in the state. Chappaquiddick would hurt, but California, unlike many other states, has a tolerance for personal idiosyncrasies, and the incident would not prove fatal to him. Kennedy would certainly pick up Hawaii, and he would then need only one of the other eleven states to carry the region.

They would not be easy for him to net, however, since most went for Nixon last time. Chappaquiddick is a grave liability in much of the Old West, where chivalry is still esteemed. Many a Montanan asks: "How could he leave that little gal alone?" That kind of sentiment is heard most often in strong Republican states, where Kennedy could not expect to win even if there had been no drowning. Here as elsewhere round the U.S., one senses that Chappaquiddick is often used as a rationale for those who never did like Kennedy.



TED & JOAN WITH TEDDY JR., KARA & PATRICK (1970)
Guitar Masses and a sheet on Halloween.

accelerator, the other lightly on the brake.* Almost invariably dressed in a dark British-cut suit, a monogrammed shirt with a PT-109 clip holding his tie, Kennedy trots rather than walks into his office to begin his daily race of trying to keep up with a schedule jammed with more interviews, hearings, appointments, speeches and votes than any man could realistically accomplish.

Senate Record

Calls come into Kennedy's office at the rate of 1,000 a day. He receives roughly twice as much mail—2,500 to 3,000 letters weekly—as any other Senator. Most of it is routine, but there is also a flood of hate letters. Some of these are crank notes ("Listen, lover boy"), but the serious "threat" mail is turned over to the Secret Service; there is an average of two death threats per week. Kennedy rarely if ever sees them.

Kennedy's staff of 27, variously described as "sharks," "incredibly ambitious," and the "best damn bunch on the Hill," is an object of some enmity and envy at the Capitol. Like his brothers, Ted has assembled young, intense and singlemindedly loyal subalterns. When Kennedy was a 30-year-old freshman Senator, elected chiefly by his brother's being in the White House, it was sneeringly said that Ted was kept afloat by his staff. Now he is sensitive to the charge; as a result, he takes only one or two aides with him on trips.

Even so, the staff's tough-minded thoroughness has served Kennedy well and, combined with his own hard work and undiminished publicity, has made him an energetic and generally effective legislator. He has made two major errors in the Senate. The first was his sponsorship of an old family friend, Boston Municipal Court Judge Francis X. Mor-

rissey, for the federal district court in Massachusetts. The second came when, through inattention and uncharacteristic sloppiness, he lost the Senate whip's job to West Virginia's Robert Byrd earlier this year.

In his nine Senate years, Kennedy has compiled a strong liberal record. His greatest achievement was the key role he played in the passage of the 18-year-old-vote amendment. Also, as chairman of the health subcommittee, he became the top congressional expert on health, leading the development of a massive amount of legislation, notably the proposed Health Security Act of 1971 to provide almost total national health insurance. His work for health care earns him a large constituency among the elderly. Since 1966 he has been working for draft reform, although he is against an all-volunteer army; he argues that it would create a "ghetto army," manned heavily by the poor and minorities. Kennedy prefers a draft that equalizes risk for all, with no deferments.

His strong support of liberal positions on gun control, open housing, aid to American Indians and civil rights has earned him a 100% rating from the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education. His ratings from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action average 90%. Those same political stands earned Kennedy some of the lowest marks for any legislator from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action. At the same time his strong opposition to key White House proposals—the ABM, the SST, the Carswell and Haynsworth Supreme Court nominations—has won him the Administration's unflinching hostility. Nixon's Director of Communications, Herb Klein, accuses him of "childish tantrums, demagoguery at its worst."

He has been called "the hottest mimeograph machine in town," and sometimes he is led to excesses, as when he suggested earlier this fall that he would be willing to "crawl on my belly" to

the Paris Peace Talks to gain release of U.S. P.O.W.s. More recently, together with Connecticut's Abraham Ribicoff, he called in the Senate for the withdrawal of British troops from Northern Ireland and for Irish reunification, a proposal that earned him the distinction of being condemned by the British Prime Minister.

In an interview with TIME Correspondents Bonnie Angelo, Simmons Fentress and John Austin, Kennedy talked about the country, President Nixon and the potential strength of the opposition in 1972:

THE MOOD OF THE COUNTRY: "It's one of fear, really—fear of the worker's losing his job, fear of businessmen for the collapse of their companies, fear of the wealthy losing their resources, fear of the blue-collar worker that he may lose his job to a black, the fear by whites of blacks, the fear of older persons that they won't have sufficient resources to live. There is a sense of apprehension among young people as to whether they can do anything about the problems that they see in the country. There is fear about ending the war, about the Middle East, and now the India-Pakistan crisis.

"There is a political atmosphere that is plowed by those who appeal to baser instincts. As a result, people turn inward and away from the problems of the country. It's very dangerous for our society. But I find people are prepared to respond to these problems. There's a sensitivity about responsibilities. People are thinking more about some of these questions and problems, and are concerned about them. It comes down to a question of leadership, sensing the concerns of the time and developing a view about these issues. It's sharing the passion of the times and the ability to develop responses to the problems.

NIXON'S LEADERSHIP. "I would list a kind of balance sheet on particular issues, both pro and con. I applaud his efforts to reduce tensions internationally, his new China policy and the Nixon Doctrine in the Far East. But a basic question is whether the country is coming to grips with the more essential problems we have at home. There is no sense of where the country is and where it is going. The basic catalyst for leadership is the President, and the failure of Nixon is in leadership.

"I don't think that he has ended Viet Nam as an issue. Have we fulfilled our responsibilities if the violence continues? On the economy, all we have is a blueprint of a plan—Phase II. There are many pieces still to be filled in. Nixon has put the economy through the wringer. Things were bad in 1969, they grew worse in 1970, and now in 1971 we have the freeze and Phase II. I hope it works; I think it may. But no amount of rhetoric can mask the fact that the Administration should have acted long ago, in 1969.

NIXON'S VULNERABILITY. "I think it's going to be difficult to beat the

* Kennedy's Massachusetts driver's license was suspended for one year after he pleaded guilty to leaving the scene of the accident at Chappaquiddick. About a year ago, he obtained a new license.



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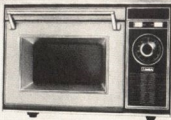
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President under any circumstances. It would be extremely difficult to defeat him if, for instance, he ends the war. If the SALT talks succeed. If the trip to Peking is effective. If the cities are quiet. If the economy recovers and unemployment goes down. But if the war drags on, if the economy lags, if the trips are only smokescreens, if deep-seated divisions continue in the country, then . . .

"You can make a case that a Democratic victory is possible. Don't you think that anyone who voted for Hubert Humphrey in 1968 will vote for a Democrat next time? And what if we can get 8,000,000 young voters to the polls out of the 25 million who will be eligible? But I don't underestimate the strength of the President's appeal."

Kennedy has gone through metamorphoses. He was the heedless Kennedy kid brother who left Harvard for two years after he got a friend to take a Spanish exam for him. When he ran

for the Senate in 1962, Harvard Law School Professor Mark DeWolfe declared: "His academic career is mediocre. His professional career is virtually nonexistent. His candidacy is both preposterous and insulting." But he has become a skilled student of the Senate, and Jack once called him "the family's best politician."

A Personality Contest

Some still suspect that his glamour is merely an inheritance, or that he is not quite intelligent enough for the White House. A wire photo purporting to show him emerging from a Paris club at 5 a.m. with an Italian princess is enough to start the womanizing rumors again. Is he really qualified for the presidency? How would he use the power if he had it? How great is his capacity for growth? Such unanswerable questions surround Kennedy as much as his family's aura.

Ted Kennedy has had an extraordinary education in public affairs: more

than a decade at the heart of American politics and power, tutored by a President and by some of the grimmest personal experiences in the nation's history. He has located some central issues—civil and constitutional rights, health care, war, housing—and approached them with an uncomplicated and often effective passion. Of course, he is not unique in that.

Kennedy is unique in his potential constituency. It is compounded of blacks, urban liberals, many moderates, the poor, the young, the aged and even some of the lower middle class, blue-collar workers, like those who supported Bobby Kennedy in the 1968 Indiana primary. In the end it is conceivable that 1972 might turn into a personality contest between Ted Kennedy and Richard Nixon—the flawed Democratic star, damaged by Chappaquiddick, going against the often awkward but immensely experienced incumbent. If so, the nation will then find out how much of the magic is Teddy Kennedy's own.

The Non-Candidate's Wife

SHE is a golden-haired Cinderella grown up, a fairy-tale heiress to a legacy of ambition and success, a curiosity, a sex symbol. As did Jackie and Ethel in their time and turn, Joan Kennedy has become a public personality in her own right. On the gilt and antique gristmill that is the Washington cocktail circuit, she has been no less a source of speculation in recent months than Teddy himself. One day, she is a shy, self-styled homebody. The next, she is playing the piano on nationwide television, or shocking Washington with dresses cut down to there or slit up to here. Asks one annoyed Democrat: "What is Joan Kennedy all about? Is she trying to make sure her husband does not get nominated?"

When Joan arrived in Washington, the youngest—and some thought the prettiest—of the Kennedy wives, she entered the world of the Kennedys at its dazzling height. Now, nine years, two assassinations and a fatal accident later, that has all changed. She knows the hatred and passions the Kennedy name inspires, lives daily with the threats that come with unnerving frequency against her husband's life. "I don't want to be First Lady," she has said repeatedly, and her friends believe her. Says one intimate: "She is terrified that things are moving in such a way that Ted is going to wind up running. Terrified."

Still, she has acquired that Kennedy fatalism, and of her fears she says, "That's something you live with." She has made plain her view that the stakes are not worth the risks. "When Jack was in the White House," she says, "I saw what hard work it was. I don't see it as glamorous—it's everything that's



unattractive." But if her husband decides to run, she will stand by him. "She is in awe of Ted," says a Kennedy cousin. "If he said, 'Jump,' she wouldn't argue or even ask why. She'd just ask, 'Head first or feet first?'"

Lissome, leggy, striking, Joan, 36, ought to be a visible asset to any campaign. On the hustings she does her part diligently. The last election, for Ted's re-election to the Senate in 1970, fought in the shadow of Chappaquiddick, was very clearly a strain on her; yet she gamely made the rounds of banquets and teas. Says Kathy Beatty, one of her closest friends: "I wondered for a while how she was going to get through those rough times, but she did it. That was when I felt she had moxie."

For the record, Joan has put Chap-

paquiddick in the past, and she believes that others have. In recent months, she has grown increasingly impatient with the public's insatiable curiosity about her. "Joan is not basically an outgoing person," says Kathy Beatty. And Joan admits that despite the starry existence people imagine she leads, "my life is rather lonely. When we entertain, it's just a few for dinner. And once in a while a bigger buffet—usually after a concert." There are also long hours spent presiding over family affairs. The Kennedy home in suburban McLean, Va., is superbly managed by a French cook, a governess, a social secretary, a gardener, a regular cleaning woman and various fill-ins. But Joan pays all the family's personal bills, oversees both the McLean and Hyannisport homes, writes endless rounds of letters, and does such thoughtful chores as sending snapshots to parents of children who attend the three Kennedy youngsters' birthday parties. Such traits come naturally to the daughter of a prosperous New York ad executive. Raised in Westchester, she attended stylish Manhattanville College, where she majored in classical music and English literature.

What, then, of the six recitals of *Peter and the Wolf* from Bonn to Tanglewood, the piano concerts in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, her guest appearance on the Andy Williams show? Some say they are a vehicle for escaping from the Kennedy shadow. Although she is not a gifted professional musician, she does play very well, and her favorable reviews are a source of gratification. "She wants it for her own identity," Kathy Beatty agrees. Yet the yearning for privacy is there too. Asked for an adjective to describe herself recently, Joan thought for a moment and suggested, "Vulnerable. I guess that's it."



BLACK SERVICEMEN DEMONSTRATING IN DANANG

Armed Forces: Black Powerlessness

FOR years the military rested comfortably on its largely unfounded reputation as a fastness of racial fair play and equality. Because it beat chopping cotton or pushing brooms, blacks viewed the armed forces as an escape from a hostile world. That, it turns out, was a mistake. Even as civilian society makes slow, painful progress in civil rights, and black radicalism heightens blacks' sense of injustice, it has become increasingly clear that the military too has its full share of racism.

The unhappy facts surfaced last week during *ad hoc* hearings chaired by Representatives Shirley Chisholm of New York and Ron Dellums of California. A succession of witnesses told the committee that racism is so pervasive both in the U.S. and overseas as to make the armed services virtually intolerable for thousands of black Americans.

Specifically, members of the Democratic Black Caucus repeatedly heard that black troops: 1) receive a disproportionately low number of honorable discharges and are more widely subject to pretrial confinement; 2) suffer harassment and intimidation for wearing Afro hair styles or Black Power symbols; 3) fail to win key command positions over less qualified whites; 4) get the most dangerous combat jobs in Viet Nam if they show signs of black militancy; and 5) often receive indifferent medical attention there while in the field.

Permanent Tinder. The most spectacular piece of testimony to surface came from Dellums himself, who released secret papers that explicitly indicated that the Department of Defense had a policy restricting the number of blacks sent to bases in Iceland. He said that the Government had reached a verbal agreement with Iceland at that na-

tion's request. By 1963, the Icelandic government accepted two married black servicemen into the country, and the number has now increased to about 40. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird could only plead that he had no control over previous administrations and that no such understandings now exist.

Thaddeus Garrett Jr., a member of Mrs. Chisholm's staff, toured overseas bases for six weeks last summer. He quoted one black serviceman as saying that blacks there "are already talking in terms of revolution, and that some type of violence is inevitable. They just do not care anymore." Blacks make up 12% of the G.I.s in Germany, and racial tensions there run high. Wallace Terry III, a former *TIME* correspondent in Viet Nam and author of a forthcoming book, *The Bloods: The Black Soldier from Viet Nam to America*, has made the oft-repeated—and oft-denied—charge: "The cost of being too militant was to be sent to serve as a point man on the Demilitarized Zone."

Representative Parren Mitchell of Maryland concluded that "racism in the military is so deep, so wide and so effective that we can't possibly cope with it." Frank Render, a black former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Equal Opportunity, observed that in the Defense Department "one must necessarily plow through layers of bureaucracy, but even when that was done, too often bigotry and basic racism thwarted our attempts to help those who are oppressed." Render complained that at the Pentagon he was "treated like a 21-star general." At one point, Mrs. Chisholm was so moved by the angry testimony of one black ex-G.I. that she averted her eyes from the witness and wept.

Race Rumbblings at McClellan

Butting up against the heel of the Appalachian Mountains near Anniston, Ala., Fort McClellan appears to be the most placid of military bases. It is pastorally appointed with sweeping green-sward, tall stands of shortleaf pine and pleasing arrangements of whitewashed command buildings fronted by old-fashioned verandas. It is a small post, with slightly more than 5,000 people. But McClellan is unique in that 2,000 of those are WACs; it is the largest WAC base in the world. What is more, 20% of the WACs are black. More than any other single factor, that probably accounts for the disturbances that ended last week in which five black WACs were run down by a panicky white driver, a white soldier was beaten by a group of angry blacks and a disastrous demonstration resulted in the arrest of 140 blacks—71 men and 69 women. The presence of black women probably spurred the black men on. Says Colonel William McKean, the post commander: "If I could have separated the girls from the guys during that demonstration, they would have gone home in a minute."

White Panic. The trouble began on Saturday night, Nov. 13, at the enlisted men's club. Tension flared at closing time when a white civilian bus driver was overheard to say, "I don't want no niggers on my bus." A group of blacks descended on another bus and ejected a white couple, but they in turn were run off by a black military policeman. Later the black soldiers began filing back to their barracks; their number grew as they paraded past the officers' quarters. Then an off-duty white MP who found himself driving in their midst panicked and sped off, knocking down five women. None was seriously injured, but by then the crowd had grown ugly. A white worker who wandered out at the wrong time was severely beaten, as one black admitted later, "just because he was white."

A list of black grievances was submitted to the race-relations officer; they revolved mainly around a few alleged white bigots in command positions, recreational facilities and dress regulations relating to Afros and dashikis. Although many of the complaints were dealt with over the same weekend that the uprising occurred, a muttering mob began to congregate on the athletic field Monday morning. At least 150 black men and women had assembled by the time Colonel McKean arrived with two carloads of brass, as requested by the blacks. It was a doomed colloquy. A white race-relations officer and a black major were both shouted down. When Beverly Bradford, a white reporter for the *Anniston Star*, was discovered in the midst of the WACs, she was subjected to some un ladylike pummeling. "It was wild," says Colonel Richard Hines, the deputy post commander. "It would have taken 50 MPs to stop those women."

The meeting—if it could be called that

—completely fell apart, and McKean brought in the MPs. No force was used, thanks partly to the efforts of some black MPs, but the 140 who were arrested were taken to the city and county jails because McClellan has no stockade.

Colonel McKean has made sincere efforts to ameliorate racial problems; singlehanded, he forced the local Boy Scouts to integrate by refusing to allow McClellan Scouts to attend a summer camp that excluded blacks. He finds the latest events fearfully frustrating. "I constantly hear about what it's like growing up in a black ghetto," he says. "I can't talk to them about 400 years of bondage, goddammit. I want to know what's wrong now." If an officer like McKean cannot find the answer, the incident at Anniston will not be the last.

TRIALS

Lies About My Lai

After a court-martial had acquitted him of all charges related to his role in the My Lai massacre, Captain Ernest L. Medina carried out his previously announced decision to leave the Army. Said Medina: "I just feel within myself that I cannot wear the uniform with the same pride I had before." A month later, Medina, nattily turned out in a gray suit, blue shirt and wide red tie, came into the courtroom where his one-time commander, Colonel Oran K. Henderson, was on trial for covering up the tragedy at My Lai. By the time Medina had finished testifying, it seemed clear that he was better off in mufti.

Henderson had become commander of the Americal Division's 11th Infantry Brigade just one day before the assault on My Lai. Two days later, after hearing reports from helicopter pilots of indiscriminate killing in the hamlet, Henderson visited Medina in the field. Medina was commander of Charlie Company and Lieut. William Calley's immediate superior. Although Medina's platoon leaders had told him that at least 106 Vietnamese had been killed, Medina told Henderson that the casualties had numbered just 20 to 28 civilians—all killed by artillery and helicopter gun-ship fire. Testified Medina: "I didn't tell him that I had a feeling these people had been shot by members of my command." Instead he had told Colonel Henderson that he had seen no indiscriminate shooting. Continued Medina: "I told him, I am the father of three children, and I would not let anything like that happen."

Thus it became clear that Medina had lied, first to Henderson, and later, under oath, to Army investigators. His reasons: "First, I felt it would bring disgrace to the military service. Secondly, I knew it would have repercussions involving the United States and other nations. Third, I was concerned about my family and my role as a father. And lastly, I was concerned about myself."

Before defense lawyers could inter-

rupt, Army Prosecutor Major Carroll J. Tichenor challenged: "Do you realize you have completely disgraced and dishonored the uniform you wore?" Medina's quiet reply: "Yes, sir."

Medina's stunning admission seriously undermines the Army's case against Henderson, who is the highest-ranking officer to be brought to trial in connection with the My Lai murders. Henderson, his lawyers contended, tried to investigate the rumors of slaughter but was misled by officers under his command. Medina's testimony obviously strengthened that contention.

Since he is now a civilian, Medina is no longer answerable to the Army for perjury. By admitting that he had lied to cover up atrocities committed by the men under his command, he has added dishonor to the tragedy of My Lai.

CITIES

Fear in Forest Hills

The anger, the curses, the denunciation of public officials, the rock throwing—all evoked memories of Little Rock and Selma. But this was not the South resisting racial integration. This was New York, that reputed citadel of liberalism.

The protest against a large public housing project for low-income—and presumably mostly black—residents did not occur in a neighborhood of George Wallace hardhats or poor whites. The emotion erupted in Forest Hills, Queens, a comfortable community of mostly middle-class Jews, who had struggled for years against the discrimination that long prevented them from living there.

Most of the anger was directed at New York Mayor John Lindsay, who had pursued the idea of scattering housing for the poor throughout the city, rather than erecting still more public housing in ghetto areas. If any neighborhood should accept that idea, it seemed, it would be Forest Hills, which had voted for Lindsay in his two successful mayoralty elections. Yet as soon as the site was announced in 1966, neighborhood opposition began. Residents organized an association to block the project and won temporary delays in court. The Queens Jewish Community Council, representing 53 smaller groups, joined in fighting the project.

But Lindsay refused to retreat from the plan, which was to build 840 units, including three 24-story apartment buildings, on an 8.5-acre site at a cost of about \$30 million. The site is a vacant tract near the busy Long Island Expressway. Officials said that some 40% of the new units were to be reserved for the elderly, al-

though neighbors were not convinced that this promise would be kept. They also feared that they would be inundated by ghetto blacks. Actually, considerable integration seemed likely; nearly half of the original applicants for apartments were from Forest Hills itself, many of them white.

Destroy Lindsay. Nonetheless, when construction was about to begin last week, some 300 residents attended a protest rally at which Jerry Birbach, president of the Forest Hills Residents Association, denounced the "arrogance, ineptitude and political skulduggery" of Mayor Lindsay. Protesters carried signs declaring: LINDSAY IS TRYING TO DESTROY QUEENS. NOW QUEENS WILL DESTROY LINDSAY.

They marched in a torchlight procession to the construction site, smashed the windows of construction trailers with rocks, blocked traffic on the expressway and threatened to set fire to construction facilities. Shouted one demonstrator: "If this was Harlem, these trailers would have been burned long ago!" Police called for help as the mob threatened to get out of control, and some 20 officers restored order.

The project's opponents sharply denied that they objected to blacks moving into their neighborhood (of the 38,000 residents closest to the site, only about 1% are black). They spoke instead about their fears of overcrowded schools, rising crime and deterioration of the neighborhood, pointing out that this had happened in the communities many of them had moved away from. New York Conservative-Republican Senator James Buckley, carrying his protest to George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development,

FRANK RUSSO—N. Y. DAILY NEWS



HOUSING FOES LIGHT TORCHES BEFORE PROTEST PARADE
The inherent prejudice seemed to be showing.

also argued that soil conditions on the site were so bad that construction costs would soar, and that the lack of air conditioning in the plans meant that airplane noise from nearby La Guardia Airport would be intolerable for the residents. After hearing Buckley, Romney agreed that he would review the project, even though his department had already approved the necessary financing.

No Knish Now. The controversy had some of the overtones of New York's acrimonious school conflict of 1968, in which relations between blacks and Jews were strained in arguments over the control of neighborhood schools. Again Lindsay was assailed for seeming to side with the blacks. "Mayor Lindsay has shown he is not interested in the Jewish population of his constituency," charged the Queens Jewish Community Council. "It will not be enough for him this year to put a yarmulke on his head and eat a knish."

Undaunted, Lindsay denounced the protest tactics as "deplorable," and said the city must decide "whether we will guide ourselves by rationality and truth or whether we shall permit ourselves to be misled by misunderstanding and fear." Liberal Democratic Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal, who represents parts of Forest Hills, joined Buckley in opposing the project, but conceded: "A thing like this makes us all act in a fashion that both the community and I are not proud of—it brings out the inherent prejudice in all of us."

DRUGS

The French Connection

The story line was the stuff of thrillers: \$12 million worth of pure heroin, a former French spy turned smuggler, a conspiracy that reached from Paris to Le Havre to New York—all masterminded, American officials charged, by a top administrator in France's espionage organization, a man so mysterious that few knew his real name. The case was clearly reminiscent of the current film hit, *The French Connection*. But the federal indictments handed down last week in Newark concerned an affair as real as the one that inspired the film. It was an international smuggling scandal that, U.S. authorities allege, reaches into the staff of the French consulate in New York and to a high official of the SDECE (*Service de Documentation et de Contre-Espionnage*), the French equivalent of the CIA.

The scandal began in April when Lynn Pelletier, a U.S. Customs official acting on a hunch, searched a Volkswagen camper-bus shipped to Port Elizabeth, N.J., from Le Havre. She found 96 pounds of pure heroin secreted behind the fire wall of the bus. The bus's owner, Roger De Louette, had acted slightly nervous when filling out customs forms; he was arrested as he waited on the pier. De Louette claimed that he had been a spy

with the SDECE. After being fired, he needed money badly, and accepted an offer to earn \$60,000 for shipping the heroin. The man who set up the shipment, De Louette said, was one Colonel Paul Fournier, until recently the official in charge of French espionage activities in North America.

In sworn statements buttressed with lie-detector tests, De Louette said that Fournier (the name is an alias) recruited him to smuggle the heroin last December. Using money given to him by Fournier, De Louette bought the camper, then drove to Pontchartrain, outside Paris. There another man delivered the heroin and helped hide it inside the car. De Louette arranged for shipment of the car and flew to New York. After his arrest, he asked for help from a staff member of the French consulate. De Louette did so, he said, because Fournier had given him the name for use as a

ican treaty on narcotics law enforcement. French officials have so far refused to extradite Fournier. They also appeared unwilling to prosecute him in France on the basis of De Louette's confession, so Stern sought indictments from a U.S. Federal grand jury.

Roger the Chef. In France, an official silence settled over the affair—breached by a denial from Fournier and a flurry of unofficial leaks downplaying the case. Fournier was questioned by an investigating magistrate in Paris for five hours, but blandly told reporters that the discussion centered around routine SDECE duties, not smuggling. French sources insist that De Louette was lying to get revenge on Fournier for dismissing him from SDECE.

But one significant dissent came from the director of an agency believed to serve as a front for French espionage. In a Radio Luxembourg interview, Col-



ROGER DE LOUETTE



SCENE FROM "THE FRENCH CONNECTION"


The connection reached into France's CIA.

contact in the event he was caught by American police.

De Louette was indicted last spring for his role in the smuggling, but federal authorities said nothing publicly about Fournier and the consular official while they sought an agreement from the French government on the prosecution of Fournier. At one point, Herbert Stern, U.S. Attorney for New Jersey, flew to Paris to discuss the case. Relations between the U.S. and France have been strained over drug traffic: American narcotics experts estimate that 80% of the heroin brought to the U.S. is purified from raw opium in clandestine laboratories around Marseille. John Cusack, the chief American narcotics agent in Europe, had criticized the French for protecting hoodlums running the drug traffic in France. The French stiffly replied that the U.S. is looking for a scapegoat on which to blame its narcotics problems; they take credit for the fact that Cusack was recalled last week. Despite a Franco-Amer-

ican treaty on narcotics law enforcement, French officials have so far refused to extradite Fournier. They also appeared unwilling to prosecute him in France on the basis of De Louette's confession, so Stern sought indictments from a U.S. Federal grand jury.

If he was the target of a plot to land him in an American jail, De Louette is certainly making the best of his confinement. He has pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges, and passes his time introducing the keepers of the Somerset County, N.J., jail to the delights of *cordons bleu* cuisine. His French soups and meats periodically turn up at the guards' tables, with Friday's *spécialité*—clam chowder—a much-anticipated luxury for his jailers. To them, he is a special inmate. Says one deputy: "Any other prisoner we call a crook, but Roger we call the chef."



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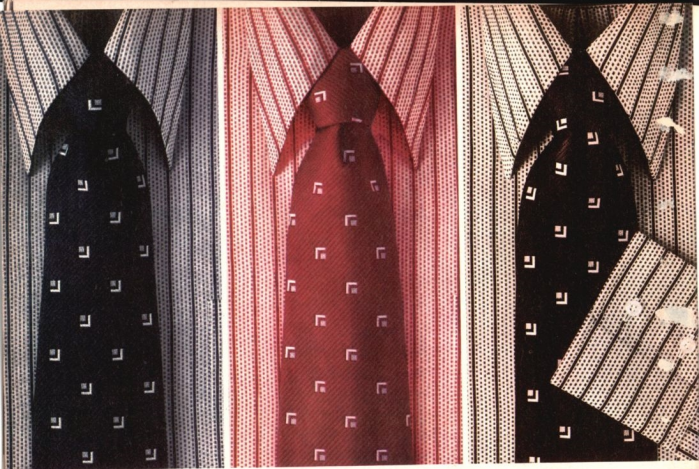


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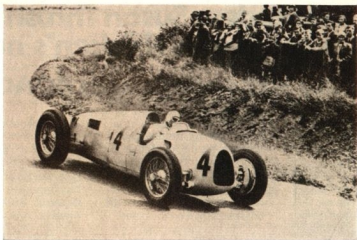
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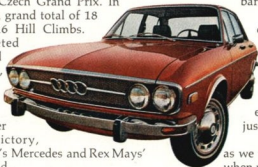
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THE ECONOMY



MEANY & NIXON ADDRESSING AFL-CIO CONVENTION IN FLORIDA

Labor's Disturbing Challenge

THE speaker on the dais of Bal Harbour's Americana Hotel last week was nervous, and he showed it in a shaky voice and several misplaced words. Richard Nixon had good reason to feel a bit of stage fright, since the rostrum from which he spoke faced some 2,000 delegates to the AFL-CIO convention, which had just adopted a resolution severely critical of his new economic plan. In a speech that excoriated Nixon's basic sense of economic justice, AFL-CIO President George Meany had glowingly shouted that "if the President of the United States doesn't want our membership on the Pay Board on our terms, he knows what he can do!" Nixon thereupon made the unexpected move of asking to reply in person. "I know exactly what I can do, and I am going to do it," he said. "We want the participation of all . . . areas of the society. But whether we get that participation or not, it is my obligation as President to make this program of stopping the rise in cost of living succeed."

AFL-CIO delegates showed their hostility to Nixon in other ways than the resolution. They accorded him one of the most discourteous welcomes in the recent annals of presidential ceremony. The band was ordered not to strike up *Hail to the Chief*, the President's customary entry flourish, and Meany introduced the President with a few perfunctory words. Nixon went out of his way to appear conciliatory by recalling the hardhat marches of 18 months ago. "When the intellectuals were protesting, 150,000 workers marched down Wall Street to support me," he said. "I want you to know that I appreciate that." But after ending his remarks with a plea for labor support, Nixon received little applause. Then, to the audience's delight, Nixon quipped: "We will now proceed with Act II." Nixon, for his part, cancelled plans to spend the week-

end at his Key Biscayne home, and returned to Washington.

In fact, having gained most of what they sought during Act I of Nixon's economic program, labor's leaders are clearly a good deal less angry at the President than they claim to be. But just as union negotiators must make villains of management—even after they get a settlement satisfactory to their members—so Meany & Co. must keep up the fiction of fighting Phase II. In his keynote address, the 77-year-old AFL-CIO boss put on a sometimes tasteless show of personal invective. The 15-member Pay Board, he claimed, is a "stacked deck" against labor, and its president, retired Federal Judge George Boldt, "doesn't know a damn thing."

Meany called the leader of the business representatives, General Electric Co. Vice President Virgil Day, "a pipsqueak." He also charged that labor members of the board were offered an "under-the-table deal" that would have permitted big unions to gain pay boosts above the board's 5.5% guideline if smaller unions were pressured into accepting the official goal. Actually, it is far more likely that the big-union contracts were merely used as examples during board discussions.

Runaway Vehicle. Meany's main point in the speech was to announce that labor's Pay Board members will adopt a policy of non-cooperation, under which they will refuse to vote on resolutions that they consider unfair. They also will boycott some sessions of the board and urge unions to take "lawful" action against decisions that are not to members' liking. Since Meany's past policy could hardly be called one of co-operation, the new one should make little practical difference.

What is disturbing is not so much labor's rhetoric as its increasingly clear policy of non-cooperation with the over-

all goal of Nixon's program: the slowdown of the wage-price spiral. The late freeze did bring some gains against inflation; the consumer price index rose a mere .1% in October, its smallest increase since early 1967. But prices will shoot up again if wage contracts continue to call for annual increases of 10% and more, and the price boosts will quickly wipe out pay gains. So far, though, union leaders have refused to apply the brakes to their side of inflation's runaway vehicle. To help set the proper example, Meany engineered convention approval of a 28% increase (to \$90,000 annually) in his own salary—five times as high as the Phase II guideline for pay boosts.

Another Loop. The nation's 80,000 coal miners fared nearly as well last week—and with Pay Board approval at that. By a vote of 10 to 3, the board decided that a coal contract calling for increases in wages and benefits of at least 15% in the first year was not "unreasonably inconsistent" with its 5.5% guideline. Members made that decision in spite of the fact that the contract's welfare package was higher than even union negotiators had first expected. It was the board's first major wage decision, and the surprise in the inflationary giveaway was the peace-at-any-price vote of business representatives. Evidently convinced by mine owners that the contract was their only hope of settling the six-week coal strike, all five joined with the labor members in approving it. Public members wanted to chop the increase to 12.5%, and three voted against the 15% rise; the others abstained. The ones who voted expressed an understated doubt that inflation will decline "if increases of this magnitude are permitted."

Mine owners will undoubtedly petition the Price Commission to let them pass on the expense of the con-



"He is not taking it altogether well."

tract to customers. Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson promised to examine the owners' additional costs "very closely," but coal users are almost certainly in for a hefty jump in the fuel's price—and the nation for one more loop in the wage-price spiral. The fact that it will be due largely to the cave-in of the Pay Board's business members, who are usually regarded as presidential allies, presents Nixon with a challenge almost as troubling as Meany's.

Labor's Turnabout on Trade

Traditionally supporters of freer trade, many of labor's most liberal leaders have made a startling turnabout and put their powerful clout behind openly protectionist legislation in Congress. The recent converts include the electrical workers, the rubber workers and the machinists. Their feelings were vented at length and with loud-

ness at last week's AFL-CIO convention.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers passed out pamphlets showing a man wearing imported clothes and headlined: HOW TO DRESS FOR A DEPRESSION. Banners strung up at Bal Harbour's Hotel Americana urged union members to SAVE AMERICA, BUY AMERICA. Scores of delegates lined up at a telegraph booth to send wires supporting the proposed Foreign Trade and Investment Act of 1972. That bill would cut back tax advantages for U.S. corporations with plants overseas and set up a commission to draft a quota system aimed at keeping at 1965-69 levels any imports that start to win a sizable share of the U.S. market. As for President Nixon's 10% surcharge on foreign goods, United Steelworkers President I.W. Abel has called it "only a baby step in the right direction."

Export of Jobs. Labor's principal target is the American multinational corporation. Union leaders argue that the

main reason corporate giants now expand overseas is not to develop new markets outside the U.S., but to take advantage of cheap labor and manufacture goods that are eventually sold in the U.S. Since the technology and management expertise that U.S.-owned companies have abroad are equivalent to that in U.S. plants, say union men, the effect is to deprive American workers of their normal productivity edge—and increasingly of their jobs. "Foreign competition as we knew it over the years does not exist any longer," said AFL-CIO President George Meany. "We are not competing with foreign private enterprise in these foreign countries. We are competing with franchises that are owned and operated by big business here in America."

Delegates from several unions bitterly told stories of "runaway" plants that backed up Meany's contentions. These included RCA's TV plant that moved from Memphis to Taiwan, as well as Bendix of York, Pa., and Kollmann Industries' Wisconsin TV-tuner operation, both of which relocated in Mexico. AFL-CIO economists cite Bureau of Labor Statistics figures showing that the number of U.S. workers that theoretically would be required to produce all goods imported into the U.S. has increased by at least 700,000 (to 2.5 million) since 1966. The implication is that if imports were held down domestic employment would jump.

First Victims. The figures are somewhat misleading because they include the products of "real" foreign competitors like Volkswagen and Sony as well as those of U.S.-owned subsidiaries. Moreover, labor leaders do not dwell on the fact that export-related jobs in the U.S. increased by 200,000 during the same period. The trouble with most of labor's remedies is that they would penalize all foreign competitors and thus invite widespread retaliation against U.S. exporters. The employees of these export firms could well be the first victims of any trade war.

Is It Constitutional?

IMEDIATELY after President Nixon froze wages and prices last August, 135 union lawyers met in Washington to decide whether organized labor should unite in urging federal courts to declare the freeze unconstitutional. Most felt that that would be useless, but at least six unions later decided to sue on their own. Although the freeze has ended, the court arguments have not. Last week the Amalgamated Meat Cutters asked the Supreme Court to review a lower court's decision that the freeze was indeed constitutional and that the butchers therefore could not collect retroactively a raise of 25¢ an hour that had been due from meat packers on Sept. 6. The union's legal plea could have profound consequences for Phase II.

Like other challengers, the Meat Cutters contend that the 1970 law on which the freeze was based vested "unbridled legislative power" in the President and amounted to a "naked grant of authority" for him to do what he pleased with the

economy. Just such a "blank check" caused the Supreme Court to kill the National Industrial Recovery Act in 1935, the union argues. The butchers claim that a clause in the Constitution that prohibits states from passing laws "impairing the obligation of contracts" applies to Congress too. House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills has also stated his belief that Congress has "no authority to abrogate contracts."

A federal district court in Washington ruled in October that Congress had written enough restraints on the President's power into the freeze law to make it constitutional. For example, Congress directed that the President could not stabilize wages and prices at levels lower than those prevailing on May 25, 1970. The court also thought it "plain beyond any doubt" that the constitutional clause on contracts limits only the states, not Congress.

Even union lawyers generally doubt that the Supreme Court will overrule that decision. If the Justices should do so, however, the constitutionality of Phase II would be in doubt because it is based on the same law that empowered Nixon to declare the freeze.

Learning to Live with Phase II

THE wage-price freeze of Phase I was very clear—you couldn't do a goddamned thing," says John Beltz, head of General Motors' Oldsmobile division. By contrast, says a senior manufacturing executive in Chicago: "I suspect we will be huddling with our psychiatrists before we understand what we can and cannot do in Phase II." No psychiatrists are known to have been consulted, but businessmen invested much of last week huddling with almost everyone else—lawyers, accountants, their Washington lobbyists—who might be able to decipher the guidelines of the Pay Board and Price Commission.

Some of the confusion is lifting. In Washington, the Price Commission received 44 pleas for increases from steel, paper, can and textile makers, meat packers and bakers, among others. If all rises were

what earnings will be at a given level of car sales, and then accepted American's contention that a 2.5% price rise will not increase profit margins. Lanzilotti pledged, however, that the commission will keep a close watch on American Motors' margins, and will roll back the price rise if it finds that they are being excessively fattened.

The commission's attitude will force many companies to keep much closer tabs on their productivity and profit margins. Some complain that the task seems impossible. "We have never developed a productivity measure that satisfied us over the short span," says Dean McNeal, vice president of Minneapolis' Pillsbury Co. On the other hand, Grayson, as a business school dean on leave from S.M.U., appears to relish the idea of pressuring companies into stricter cost accounting.

Enough uncertainty re-

the deliciously wrong idea that everybody's pay would automatically jump 5.5%; executives are disabusing them of that notion. Raises that come as a result of promotions do not count against the 5.5% standard—so, comments Robert Franz, personnel director of Capitol Industries in Hollywood, "everyone now wants to be promoted."

New Stimulant. The doubts and problems of Phase II are severe enough to make many businessmen gloomy, despite the efforts to pump up euphoria by a group called Citizens for a New Prosperity. With White House cooperation, the group is passing out bumper stickers, decals and yardsticks whooping up the prosperous prospects of Phase II, even as unions pass out Buy American buttons. Actually, there is plenty of leeway under Phase II rules for sharp gains in profits. Controls apply not to total profits but to profit margins

LOVE THE NEW PROSPERITY

FOLLOW THE YARDSTICK

granted, they would average 3.2%. The commission's first rulings, in the politically sensitive area of auto prices, clearly indicated that businessmen had better come before the commission fully armed with complex cost data, which Chairman C. Jackson Grayson Jr. promises to keep secret from curious competitors and union leaders.

Model Application. Chrysler asked for a 5.9% price hike to reflect the two-stage price increases of 7% that automakers will begin paying this week. The commission bounced the application and demanded more facts. Says Economist Robert F. Lanzilotti, a commission member: "We need to know more about their costs in terms of direct labor, materials, plant burdens, corporate burdens. I know that this information exists, and we want to see it."

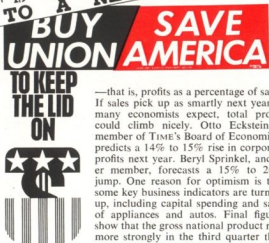
American Motors wisely presented what commission members considered a model application, and won prompt approval for an increase of 2.5%—exactly the figure that the commission says post-freeze price boosts should average. American presented enough data on unit labor costs for the past three years to convince the commission that workers' productivity is not rising sufficiently fast to offset the forthcoming wage boosts. The commission also compared American's past internal forecasts of profits and losses with actual results to determine that the company has developed reliable methods of predicting

mains about what kind of price rises will be approved, though, to turn some big executives into volunteer enforcers of price restraints on smaller concerns. Robert Blythe, executive vice president of Atlanta's Munford-Atlantic Co., warns suppliers that "they cannot pass any price increases on to us." As a company with sales of more than \$100 million, Munford-Atlantic must get Price Commission clearance for any increases, and it cannot be sure that it will be allowed to raise its own prices to reflect higher charges by suppliers.

On the wage side, companies' biggest problem has been explaining to the silent minority of salaried employees the rules on merit raises. Each employee can get as much or as little as his bosses deem appropriate, but the company can increase its total salary and benefit costs by no more than 5.5%. Employees of Rollins, Inc., a diversified Atlanta company, got

—that is, profits as a percentage of sales. If sales pick up as smartly next year as many economists expect, total profits could climb nicely. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, predicts a 14% to 15% rise in corporate profits next year. Beryl Sprinkel, another member, forecasts a 15% to 20% jump. One reason for optimism is that some key business indicators are turning up, including capital spending and sales of appliances and autos. Final figures show that the gross national product rose more strongly in the third quarter than previously estimated; that is a sign there was a good gain in September, the quarter's final month.

But what if economic recovery does not speed up even more? The Nixon Administration has at least one new stimulant ready. It could ask Congress to postpone a Social Security tax increase, due Jan. 1, that would cost millions of workers \$145.20 a year each. Postponement was recommended several months ago by a committee of citizens who advise the Social Security Administration, but their report was almost unnoticed until Elliot Richardson, the HEW Secretary, spoke about it at a White House press briefing last week. Delaying the increase would enable the Administration to claim that it was not pushing a further tax cut but merely adjusting the accounts of a Government trust fund that is heavily in the black, while still stimulating the economy.



THE WORLD

The U.N.: A Man Who Casts No Shadow

THEY'RE back at the old game," a member of the United Nations Secretariat said bitterly last week. "Instead of looking for the most able man, they're looking for someone who has five legs and maybe a dozen arms. That kind of monster simply doesn't exist."

If he doesn't exist, he may have to be invented—in a hurry. On Dec. 31, Secretary-General U Thant, 62, suffering from a bleeding ulcer and general exhaustion, will end his two-term, ten-year stewardship. That leaves the 130 delegations little more than a month to find someone acceptable to all of the contentious Big Five and also to a majority of the Third World. According to Finnish Delegate Max Jakobson, the

in the job." Officially, the Chinese would say nothing about the search for a successor except "We are very new here." The neutral Finns have long been on relatively cordial terms with China (they recognized Peking in 1950), and this is thought to be in Jakobson's favor. But the Chinese entered the U.N. with such a resounding bid for support from the Third World (see following story) that they may eventually oppose any European for the U.N.'s top job.

The other hopefuls:

► Kurt Waldheim, 52, former Austrian Foreign Minister and Conservative candidate for the Austrian presidency. A hard-working professional diplomat, he is Washington's second choice, but nei-

der of attention to the 42 African votes, nearly one-third of the total. Jakobson has been dining discreetly with a number of African representatives at Le Perigord, a fancy French restaurant near his office; Waldheim went on a goodwill tour of Africa. Less prominent contenders can be observed buttonholing potential supporters at the coffee bar in the U.N. delegates' lounge.

Not at All Impartial. The U.N. Charter originally specified only that the General Assembly should vote on a candidate recommended by the Security Council. The first Secretary-General, Trygve Lie of Norway, was an energetic labor leader who earned the enmity of Russia by organizing the U.N.



AMERSINGHE



WALDHEIM



MAKONNEN



JAKOBSON

Anybody here with five legs and maybe a dozen arms?

ideal candidate for the \$65,000-a-year post would have to be "a person who is of no religion and of no race, a person who has no attachments to ideology or political convictions or to any particular tradition, a man who casts no shadow."

Thinker and Doer. Jakobson, the strongest of half a dozen leading contenders, hardly fits his own description. At 48, he is a sturdy, affable former journalist who fought against the Russians in the Winter War of 1939-40 and later wrote a scholarly but unflattering book about the Soviet attack. Jakobson has strong support in London and Washington, where the State Department rates him "a thinker and a doer." Paris has been cool partly because he does not speak particularly good French. In addition, Jakobson is Jewish, and the Arabs, who have not said anything so far about his candidacy, may yet make strong complaints to their allies in Moscow.

The Chinese? They presented their credentials to U Thant in the hospital last week, and then, according to a U.N. official, "they mumbled something about hoping that he would continue

ther the Russians nor the Chinese are likely to be enthusiastic about him.

► Endalkachew Makonnen, 44, Ethiopia's Oxford-educated Minister of Communications. He has the advantage of being the leading candidate from Africa, which has 42 votes in the Assembly, but the disadvantage of not being stationed at the U.N. during the last-minute lobbying. Indeed, as of last week, two other Africans had put themselves forward as prospects—Issoufou S. Djermakoye of remote Chad, and Nsanze Terence of tiny Burundi.

► H.S. Amersinghe, 58, Ceylon's chief U.N. delegate since 1967. An outgoing bachelor, Amersinghe usually sports a pink rose in his lapel. His prime asset is that he is an Asian.

► Felipe Herrera, 49, a Chilean economist, head of the Inter-American Development Bank for eleven years, now a professor at the University of Chile. Because Chile's leftist government endorsed Herrera, the U.S. took the unusual step of publicly stating that he was unacceptable.

Officially, nobody is supposed to campaign at all. Unofficially, the various candidates are paying an unusual amount

defense of South Korea. When he left office, the Soviets objected to more than a dozen prominent candidates and finally agreed to the obscure Dag Hammarskjöld only because they mistakenly thought he was a colorless bureaucrat. When Hammarskjöld proved to be a vigorous leader who heavily committed U.N. troops and funds in the Congolese civil war, the Soviets began insisting that he be replaced by a three-man "troika." They dropped that demand only when they got the kind of neutral they wanted: U Thant.

The U.S. officials blame Thant for much of the organization's ineffectuality. They consider him unimaginative, vacillating and not at all impartial. Specifically, they accuse him of dithering during the 1967 Middle East war, of doing nothing about the India-Pakistan crisis, and of continually criticizing the U.S. role in Viet Nam. "Look, no one can expect a guy to be totally neutral—he'd have to be inanimate," says one such critic. "But he certainly can be impartial, and that possibility altogether escaped U Thant."

It is conceivable, of course, that all the present candidates to succeed him



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What you see there (with your one look) is the Bulova Chronograph "C."

It's a stopwatch with a sweep-second hand that measures time to $\frac{1}{5}$ of a second. And it has two totalizer dials that add up those split seconds into 30-minute and 12-

hour periods respectively.

It's also a precision timepiece with a second hand that works independently of the stopwatch.

And, finally, it's a tachometer with a scale that gives you a direct reading of the aver-

age speed you're doing (in miles or kilometers per hour).

The Chronograph "C" will do all these things soaking wet (it's water resistant).

It turns your wrist into an all-weather, 24-hour information center.

Chronograph "C." \$125. Other Chronograph models from \$85. Available at fine jewelry and department stores. Bulova Watch Company, Inc.

Bulova. These days the right time isn't enough.



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How to pick the right color television from Sears or anyone else

All the new sets with all their new features are in the stores.

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Today, many makes of color TV can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

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Sears solved this problem.

Sears uses Automatic Tint Lock on most

sets. It gives you people that look like people—together with good background colors. (See comparison on opposite page.)

They'll hold true even when you change channels.

If you're particularly fussy about color, Sears has an extraordinary feature called Chromix. It allows you to add delicate shades of color you can't get from most other sets.

Ordinarily, you can add only two shades: magenta or green. With Chromix you can also add blue or brown; for a complete range of colors.

In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL—keeps your picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL—keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER—keeps colors clear and pure.

Not all brands give you all these features. All Sears sets have them.

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In the final analysis, only you can decide whether you like the color or not.

Hundreds of thousands of people like Sears color the moment they see it. They never go elsewhere.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

You'll find an AFC—automatic fine tuning control—on most of the better sets.

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Using manual controls, many people can't fine tune their set as well as the Sears AFC can.

Sears automatic fine tuning control is better

Compare Sears best features with other brands.

Features	Sears		Brand A		Brand B		Brand C	
	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No
Automatic Tint Lock	✓							
Automatic Fine Tuning	✓							
Bonded Etched Tube	✓							
Bright Picture Tube	✓							
Wide Screen Picture	✓							
Instant Start	✓							
Roll Out Control Panel	✓							
Chromix	✓							
Solid State Components	✓							
Services Sets Nationally	✓							

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Sears sets range from less than \$200 to \$1000. These are just 8 sets from a huge selection at all Sears stores and in the catalog.

than many others because it can pull in signals that some others miss.

Sears has AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

In addition, on Sears best console, you'll find that all the important controls are in one panel that rolls out and tilts up at waist-high level so you don't have to stoop. When not in use they hide out of sight behind a decorative front. It's a Sears exclusive.

Like color quality, ease of tuning varies from one brand to another. Some sets are easier to tune than others.

The only way for you to know if a set is easy to tune is to come in, and try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube, solid state, instant start.

The *wide screen picture* enables you to see more of the televised picture than you saw before.

Even though the wide screen picture is relatively new, Sears has it on most sets.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter; making your color picture brighter and clearer.

Sears uses the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. The glare from a light for example.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. You'll get it on most Sears sets.

Solid state means using transistors, diodes and integrated circuits. Sears uses them for greater reliability.

Instant Start means the sound comes on instantly and the picture within seconds. Sears has Instant Start on many of its better sets.



On some color TVs people will look okay—but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color—together with good background color.

How good is color on a portable? On Sears sets, it's as good as on a console.

Portables will give you just as good color as consoles. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, they're basically the same. It's just that everything's more compact in a portable.



Sears Best 19-inch diag. meas. color portable has Automatic Tint Lock and Automatic Fine Tuning.

You'll find a huge selection of color portables at Sears. Including Sears best 19-inch diagonal measure picture color

portable. A set with many outstanding features—including Automatic Tint Lock, Automatic Fine Tuning, bonded etched tube and wide screen picture.

Sears color portables range in picture size from 11 inches diagonal measure to 19 inches. And start under \$200.

Service and selection, Sears is your best bet.

Ask about service before you buy any set. Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

When someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

As far as selection goes, Sears has everything.

From portables to table models to full-size consoles with the 25-inch diagonal measure wide screen picture. No one else has a larger screen.

Sears can give you what the others have, plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you—at any price.

Also, you can use one of our convenient Sears, Roebuck and Co. credit plans.

See the new shows in color. Come into Sears—and we'll help you pick the right set for you.

Sears

Thank God for tomorrow's medicine.



Remember yesterday, when pneumonia was a big killer?

It's almost nostalgic.

And how about today? Well, if you're not sick today, why worry?

It's tomorrow that holds the terror. And that's what we consider our business: to be ready for tomorrow.

We put an enormous effort into it. Time, talent, equipment and some \$600,000,000 a year of our own research and development money. (Yet your average prescription still costs only \$4.02. Five percent less than the same quantity of medicine cost a decade ago.)

But one of the interesting things that goes into the making of medicine defies all analysis.

It is the stuff that breakthroughs are made of. Like the breakthroughs that tamed pneumonia. And will ultimately control cancer and heart disease.

This interesting thing is called intuition.

And Lord only knows where that comes from.

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will be rejected in favor of some technocrat with no known enemies, such as Canada's Maurice Strong, 42, a wealthy former financial executive and top-level civil servant who also has the unusual distinction of speaking Eskimo. At a trade convention in Manhattan last week, Strong urged that the new Secretary-General revitalize the organization by drastically cutting its staff and undertaking "a major redeployment of resources." Others have suggested that the U.N. Secretariat abandon its traditional but none too successful efforts at peace making for a less political role in problems like population pressure and environmental threats. Before that can be attempted, however, the elusive man with no shadow must be found.

Peking's Wordy Debut

It has been estimated that more than 500 million pages of printed material spew forth each year from United Nations Headquarters in Manhattan. Last week, as a delegation representing Mao Tse-tung's China formally took its place in the great cave of winds known as the General Assembly, it was easy to see why. There were no fewer than 56 welcoming addresses, spinning out for 5½ hours.

When the time finally came for the Chinese to make their debut, Deputy Foreign Minister Chiao Kuan-hua walked slowly to the giant green marble rostrum, took off his glasses and began, in calm and deliberate tones, to give his hushed audience the Chinese view of the world:

ENTERING THE U.N. "This proves the bankruptcy of the policy of hostility toward the Chinese people . . . This is the defeat of the plan of the United States Government."

THE STATE OF THE WORLD. "Countries want independence, nations want liberation and the people want revolution. This has become an irresistible trend of history."

VIET NAM. "[China] supports the peoples of the three countries of Indochina in their war against U.S. aggression . . . The U.S. Government should withdraw immediately and unconditionally all its armed forces."

TAIWAN. "The Chinese people are determined to liberate Taiwan and no force on earth can stop us from doing so."

SUPERPOWERS. "China belongs to the Third World . . . We are opposed to big nations bullying small ones or strong nations bullying weak ones . . . The superpowers want to be superior to others and lord it over others. At no time will China be a superpower."

DISARMAMENT. "China will never participate in the so-called nuclear disarmament talks between the nuclear powers behind the backs of the non-nuclear countries . . . China develops nuclear weapons solely for the purpose of defense."

The U.N. Assembly loudly applauded Chiao's 20-minute speech, and many delegates said that they considered it commendably moderate, at least by the usual standards of Peking invective. Even U.S. Ambassador George Bush said that it was nothing worse than "a forceful exposition of views we cannot agree with and cannot support."

In Washington, however, officials felt that some reply had to be made, if only to prevent Peking from assuming that it could go on to harsher polemics without being challenged. After a full day of consultations with the White House, Bush belatedly issued a new statement scolding Chiao for "intemperate language." While pledging that the U.S. would make "a serious attempt to narrow differences," he said that it was "disturbing" to see the Chinese "firing these empty cannons of rhetoric."

Few officials at the U.N. took Washington's rebuke seriously, since the Chi-

ward more cordial relations. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi wrote Chou En-lai to congratulate him on China's entering the U.N., and Chou sent a warm reply: "May the friendship between the peoples of China and India grow and develop daily." It was the first such high-level correspondence since the 1962 Sino-Indian conflict, when the two nations broke off commercial ties and reduced their diplomatic relations to the chargé-d'affaires level. Last week there were reports in New Delhi that the two nations would soon exchange ambassadors, which suggests an interesting question: Is China hoping to mediate the Bengal dispute and thus gain influence on the subcontinent, as the Soviets did after their role in settling the 1965 Indo-Pakistan war?

Whatever was happening behind the scenes, the U.N. General Assembly soon reverted to its favorite public activity, speechmaking. The Chinese, all neatly



U.N. DELEGATION CHIEF CHIAO KUAN-HUA (LEFT) & AMBASSADOR HUANG HUA

From the cave of winds, odd echoes in Tulsa.

nese speech contained no surprises for anyone informed on international politics. "That speech of Chiao's has a different echo in Tulsa than in New York," explained one official of the U.S. delegation. "What the Chinese said may have been expected by some, but it was new to many Americans."

The U.S. was not Peking's only target last week. When the U.N.'s Social Committee turned to the problem of Bengali refugees in India—a situation that pits two Third World powers against each other—the Chinese came out strongly against India. "They continue to exploit the question of refugees," said China's Fu Hao, "to carry out subversive activities" against Pakistan.

The Chinese criticism sounded particularly harsh in view of reports that India and China are in fact moving to-

unified in Mao tunics, sat in stoic silence as delegate after delegate droned on about a Soviet proposal for an all-nation summit conference on disarmament. The Yugoslav delegate offered his views in English, the Mongolian spoke in Russian, and in the galleries the rows of plastic earphones hummed simultaneously in French and Spanish, like disembodied voices in some Fellini extravaganza.

The Chinese have scheduled their own disarmament speech this week, but they have already upstaged themselves. On the remote Lop Nor proving grounds in Sinkiang region, Chinese technicians detonated their first atomic explosion in more than a year. It was a small bomb, as such things go—the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT. That is almost exactly the size of the one that demolished Hiroshima.

INDIA

Not If, But When

When Prime Minister Indira Gandhi returned home from her three-week tour of Western nations last week, one of the first things she did was to go before her hawkish Parliament and plead for patience toward her handling of the crisis with Pakistan. The urgent need for a solution was all too apparent. Officials in New Delhi said that the biggest frontier battle yet between Indians and Pakistanis occurred when 2,800 Pakistani regulars crossed the border into West Bengal. Defense Minister Jagjivan Ram rose in Parliament to say that if India was attacked, it would "carry the war into Pakistan." Indians across the country, meanwhile, were placing bets on when—not if—war with Pakistan would take place.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Gandhi was evidently hopeful that the civil war be-

national from abroad for Bengali refugee relief (see chart), India is still faced with a financial burden that is expected to reach \$830 million by the end of the fiscal year next March. With a 1970 gross national product of only \$50 billion and a population of 560 million, India can scarcely afford such a drain on its economy.

Communal Tensions. Beyond the financial cost, the presence of 9,700,000 refugees threatens to create social turmoil and revive communal tensions. There are 7,000,000 in West Bengal

rupee (13¢) a day when the local rate is between 2½ and three rupees. Farm laborers, shop assistants and other workers recently demonstrated in the farming district of Nadia, asking local employers not to hire refugees. Residents also complain that the price of kerosene, vegetables and other foods has nearly doubled.

Numerous incidents indicate that impoverished local people find it hard to accept even the minimal care given the refugees. Says Farmer Jogen Mandal: "These people are crooks. Each of them has three ration cards. Part of the ration they consume and the rest they sell. They get free medical treatment, and they are much better off than most of us." Replies Bhabendra Nath Roy, former vice principal of Manirampur College in East Pakistan and now a refugee: "We know local people do not like our presence here, and clashes are taking place every day. Camp officials deprive us of rations, and if you go to complain, officials get help from local people to beat us up."

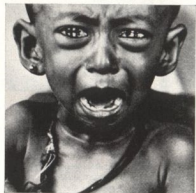
The Big Problem. While there has so far been a noticeable lack of the bitter Hindu-Moslem religious tensions that resulted in widespread massacres at the



BENGALI WOMAN PEERS FROM SHELTER



REFUGEE CARRIES 100-YEAR-OLD MOTHER



INFANT CRIES

Fertile ground for turmoil.

tween West and East Pakistan would be resolved. "Solutions have been found even to seemingly insoluble problems," she said. She added that India would take no independent action until Western leaders have had a chance to defuse the crisis. The hope: that they would pressure Pakistan President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan's military regime into finding a political solution acceptable to the East Pakistanis.

Though Indira's Western trip is credited with bringing in several sizable do-

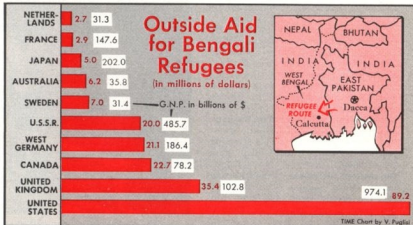
alone, and still they come. The Indian government, moreover, is fearful that many of the refugees, particularly the Hindus who were singled out for persecution by Pakistan's Moslem military, will refuse to return to their homes.

Last March, when the exodus began, thousands of Indians living in the border areas rushed forward to offer assistance. Today the torrent of men, women and children has so exacerbated tensions that armed guards have been placed at the camps, and West Bengal officials are securing relief camps with barbed-wire fencing.

The tensions are caused mainly by the competition for scarce commodities and even scarcer jobs. Inside the camps, to discourage refugees from seeking work, loudspeakers daily warn them not to go into the villages. It is perhaps the sorest point with local residents, who say that the refugees will work for one

Outside Aid for Bengali Refugees

(in millions of dollars)



time of the 1947 partition, the economic and population strains on West Bengal have become extremely acute. Already suffering from overcrowding and underemployment, the state has never fully recovered economically from the influx of some 4,000,000 predominantly Hindu refugees, who fled to West Bengal when East Bengal chose to become part of Moslem Pakistan in 1947. Ever since, the area has been a fertile ground for political turmoil among terrorist groups, criminals masquerading under political banners, and countless university graduates with no prospect of jobs. But officials, faced with the urgency of caring for so many additional millions, have necessarily shifted other problems into the background. Says Siddhartha Shankar Ray, Mrs. Gandhi's Minister of West Bengal affairs: "My big problem is how to reopen the 2,500 schools that have been closed to house the refugees."

SOUTH VIET NAM

Phase Thieu

For some time, South Viet Nam's Economics Minister Pham Kim Ngoc has been telling newsmen: "Phase I of Vietnamization, the military phase, has been successful. Now we will enter on Phase II, which will concentrate on making Viet Nam self-reliant and stable." Last week, South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu launched that program with a crisp 40-minute speech to the Saigon legislature.

Phase II, which was so named long before Richard Nixon unveiled his similarly titled economic program for the U.S., involves some high-stake risks. It gambles that the fighting is substantially over, that a recalcitrant U.S. Congress will continue to fund some \$560 million a year to ease Saigon's way through a rough "transitional" period, and that South Viet Nam's 17.3 million people will soon be both willing and able to earn their own way. That is, of course, a tall order. Even at the peak of the fighting between the French and the Viet Minh during the "first Indochina war," South Viet Nam derived some income from exports of rice and rubber. But now many of the plantations are in ruins, rice is imported from the U.S., and the leading export is scrap metal left behind by the departing U.S. military. Exports bring in a bare \$16 million a year, while imports are running at an annual rate of \$700 million.

First Priority. The plan is to double the country's meager agricultural income by 1975 and encourage foreign investment in order to provide more industrial jobs. That will become increasingly important as troops are mustered out of South Viet Nam's 1,100,000-man army when—and if—demobilization begins, perhaps as soon as 1973.

Saigon's first priority, however, is to get its people—especially those who swarmed into the cities in pursuit of U.S. dollars—accustomed to the idea that the days of easy money and easy goods are over. When the U.S. buildup was in progress, the regime encouraged massive imports (800,000 motorbikes came in during one two-year period) as one way of damping the inflationary effects of the massive influx of U.S. dollars. Two years ago, when the U.S. pullout began, Saigon tried to cut down the flow of goods through heavy import taxes, but the main effect was to increase smuggling and corruption.

Now, the government finally seems to be moving decisively against the import glut. The piaster, long ridiculously overvalued at a rate of 118 to the dollar, was pegged at a more realistic 275 last year; last week it was slashed further. For most transactions, the piaster would be pegged at 410 to the dollar—close to the black-market rate. Simultaneously, a system of varying exchange rates and customs-house taxes was imposed to make necessities like most foods and plant equipment cheap-

er to import while raising the cost of luxury items like caviar, Hondas and cars.

The monetary moves are expected to raise living costs by at least 15%, but the impact will be softened somewhat by pay raises for civil servants and combat soldiers. Another big cushioner is the fact that most of the 359,400 G.I.s who have been pulled out of Viet Nam so far have been combat troops from the boondocks, not the big spenders on the bases near the cities. Only when the still-substantial flow of Pentagon dollars is cut back to a trickle will Saigon begin to be able to tell whether Phase II will work.

THAILAND

The Same Old Crowd

The coup was executed swiftly and bloodlessly. Special forces troops and a handful of tanks took up positions around the headquarters of the National Security Command in Bangkok, and Thais were told to listen for a special radio announcement. The news: Thailand's three-year-old constitution and the Parliament had been summarily abolished and replaced by a military-dominated junta headed by Premier Thanaom Kittikachorn. Members of Parliament were allowed to collect \$257.14 each in pay and allowances due them.

Summary Execution. For all the surface tranquility, the coup imposed harsh military rule, complete with martial law, a provision for summary execution, and a prohibition of political gatherings of more than four persons. The new regime is virtually identical with the clique that controlled the former government. Besides amiable, soft-spoken Premier Thanaom Kittikachorn, the junta includes tough, earthy Phrasas Charusathien, who, as commander-in-chief of the Royal Thai Army, is the most powerful man in the country. Among the members of the Cabinet who are at least temporarily out of a job: Thanat Khoman, a brilliant but unpopular Foreign Minister who helped forge an alliance between the U.S. and Thailand and in recent months has urged a closer relationship with China.

There was no indication of a major switch in Thailand's close relationship with the U.S. But Premier Thanaom did not telephone U.S. Ambassador Leonard Unger to explain the reasons for the coup until the announcement was already being broadcast to the nation. Only later that night did Thanaom drop in at the royal palace to inform King Bhumibol Adulyadej and Queen Sirikit.

An Inconvenience. Then why a coup at all? Thanaom gave as a prime reason China's recent entry into the United Nations and the potential effect on Thailand's 3,000,000 Chinese—nearly 10% of the total population—though they had given no signs of restiveness. "We do not know for certain which ideology they prefer," he said. His real wrath, however, was directed at Parliament, some of whose members—from the gov-

ernment's own party—had threatened to block the military budget unless the Cabinet doubled their \$50,000 annual allowances for vote-winning projects in their provinces. At a jammed press conference, Premier Thanaom also complained bitterly that some opposition members had called him and Phrasas "whoremasters" and "sons of bitches." The constitution was another inconvenience, Thanaom said, hampering the government's campaign against Communist insurgents in the northeast. Complained Thanaom: "I could not arrest them and shoot them as I did during the last coup d'état," which established military rule from 1958 to 1968.

Last week's coup was staged as signs of trouble and unease were growing. The economy is declining as a result of lower U.S. military spending and aid and falling world prices for Thailand's chief exports: tin, rubber and rice. Crime is on the rise, including muggings and rapes. Bangkok has been the scene of a series of strikes, and only two weeks ago of a student riot, caused primarily by inter-school rivalries, in which 158 youths were arrested. Rightly or wrongly, many Thais tended to blame the new institutions of democracy for

REUTERS NEWSPAPERS



PREMIER THANOM KITTIKACHORN
For Parliament, back pay and a boot.

preventing the government from cracking down on such disorders.

The troubles were caused primarily by the mediocrity and corruption of many individuals within the government, not of the new democratic institutions themselves. Indeed, Parliament had become an ebullient forum, given to calling Cabinet ministers to account before its committees. The judiciary had demonstrated considerable independence, and Bangkok's newspapers had become vigorous, if unreliable, critics of the government. Now the sudden change has brought about what one Western expert called "a revolution of falling expectations. Not only do they get a coup, which is against everything the Thai, or the best of them, have been working for, but they also get the same old crowd."

ISRAEL The Person Behind the Patch

*I love, I love without shame . . .
I love to keep my hands in my
pocket
And I love to crack sunflower seeds,
To walk the road in sandals in
summer
And in trousers with a patch an
acre-wide,
I love hot corn and fefel*
And to lick ice cream out of a
cardboard cup in the street.*

Understandably, the author of these lines is better known as a warrior than as a poet. He is Israel's Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, 56. As the legendary hero of the Sinai campaign of 1956 and the Six-Day War of 1967,

when the military speed limit was 44 m.p.h., Dayan said with a wry smile: "I have only one eye. What do you want me to watch—the speedometer or the road?"

Called "Moussik," a diminutive of Moshe, by his mother, Dayan was 18 before his first girl friend persuaded him to change from short pants to long trousers as the mark of a man. A year later, another girl turned down a proposal of marriage from the kibbutz-born Dayan because, she said, she did not want to be married to a farm boy.

Dayan lost his left eye in 1941 when, fighting for the British army, he led a raid into Vichy-held Syria. He was peering through field glasses when a bullet hit the eyepiece, driving metal and glass splinters into his eye. He had to wait six hours for transport to a hospital.

Later he told a friend: "No matter. I've lived for 26 years with two eyes and now I shall go on living with one." Nonetheless, he has never adjusted to wearing the famous black patch. Doctors in Jerusalem, Paris and Johannesburg have failed in attempts to fit him with an artificial eye. Author Teveth says that Dayan still frets that his patch makes him look like a highwayman and sometimes frightens small children.

Tale out of School. During the Six-Day War, the book reveals, Dayan wanted the advancing Israeli forces to halt at the Mitla Pass or at Jidi in the Sinai. He opposed their going as far as the Suez Canal because, he argued, the waterway was essential to Egyptian prestige, and the war could never truly end with Israeli forces dug in on its bank. The army, however, reached the banks of the canal before Dayan's orders could effectively stop it. During the 1969-70 "war of attrition," he often visited the Israeli fortifications on the canal, which were bombarded daily by Egyptian artillery. "We have a lot of soldiers, but only one Minister of Defense," cautioned an officer. Replied Dayan: "You'll be surprised to learn the number of candidates waiting for the opening."

Dayan also told Teveth a tale out of school. In September 1956, on his way to Paris to confer with the French on plans for that year's invasion of Egypt, Dayan alighted from a French bomber at Bizerte. As the base commander shook hands with Dayan, his Gallic glance fell on a pair of female legs groping helplessly from the underside of the plane for a ladder that was not yet there. "We choose secretaries with prettier legs than those," cracked the Frenchman. Moments later Golda Meir, then Foreign Minister, emerged from the plane.

CHILE

Fidel the Silent

It was the kind of opportunity that Old Athlete Fidel Castro cannot resist. As his motorcade wound through the dusty town of Maria Elena in Chile's mountainous north, the Cuban Premier spied a gymnasium housing a basketball court. He ordered the caravan to a screeching halt, recruited a government official, three *carabineros* and five Chilean newsmen, then sprang onto the court—combat boots, green fatigues and all—for a pickup game.

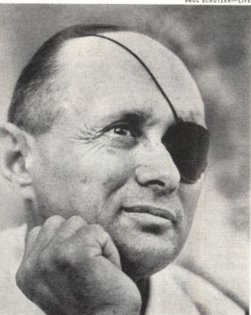
After 15 minutes of furious play at Maria Elena's lung-stretching 5,600-ft. altitude, the Maximum Leader signaled a time-out—but not a long one. Moments later, he was back on the court, this time gaily leading a startled teammate around in an impromptu waltz. Santiago's middle-roading daily *La Prensa* ahemmed: "In Chile, one is accustomed to men dancing with women."

Excessive Speechifying. On his first trip to South America in twelve years, Castro followed a two-week itinerary that took him north through Chile's bleak mining country, then south for tours of factories and talks with students, and finally for a cruise on a destroyer with his host, Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens.

At times, Fidel was more like a touring inspector general than a visiting head of government. Obviously well-coached about the problems that Allende's government is having with falling production, rising absenteeism and soaring wage demands at Chile's newly nationalized mines, Castro vigorously railed against troublemaking "demagogues" and "reactionaries" during a speech at a mine in Pedro de Valdivia. At Chuquicamata, the world's largest open-pit copper operation, he launched into a lecture on productivity. He thundered that "a hundred tons less per day means a loss of \$36 million a year."

After eating a boiled chicken dinner one evening high in the mine-area mountains, Castro summoned the cook from the kitchen. What, he wanted to know, was the boiling point of water? One hundred twenty degrees centigrade, answered the cook. "No," snapped Fidel. "At this altitude water boils at 98 degrees centigrade. Find out, study, and you will see that you are mistaken."

By the time he reached the southern fishing port of Puerto Montt, Castro's voice was reduced to a squeak—the result of a cold and his excessive speechifying. Allende, who met him there for a cruise to the southern tip of Chile, apologized for Castro's inability to address the crowd that awaited them. "I asked him as a friend, I pleaded, I recommended it as a doctor and even ordered as President that he not talk so



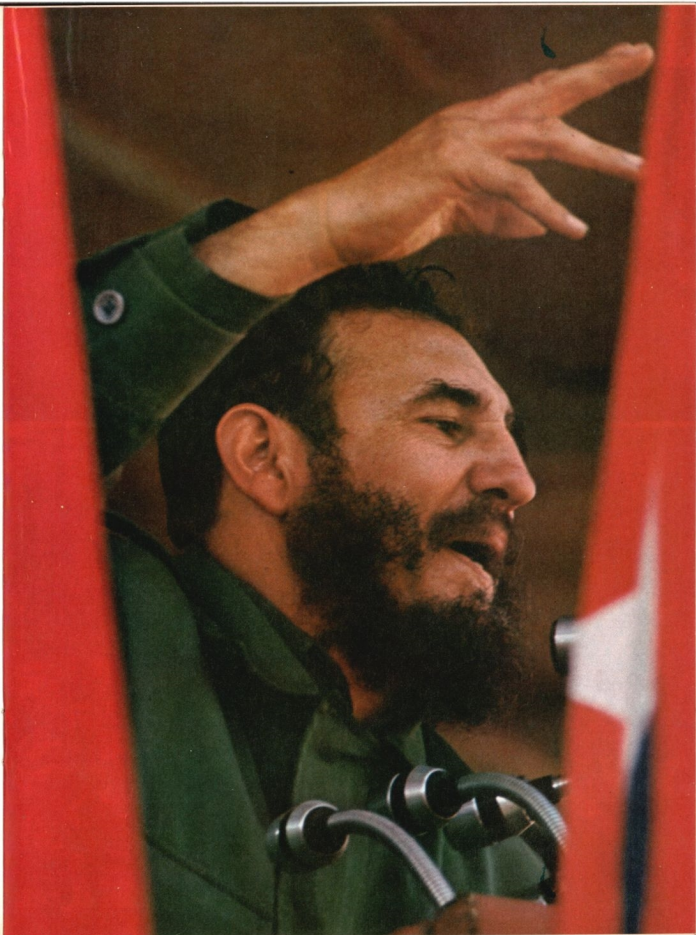
DEFENSE MINISTER DAYAN
Ice cream out of a cardboard cup.

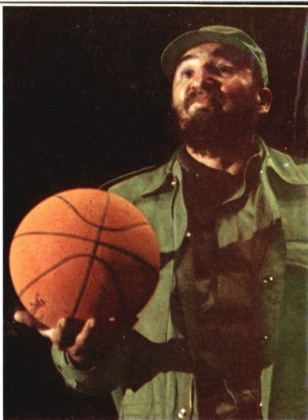
Dayan has become a larger-than-life figure, and his black eye patch a cartoonists' symbol of Israeli military proficiency. The man behind the eye patch, a laconic loner, is less well known. Now a number of fresh glimpses are provided in *Moshe Dayan—A Biography*, a 601-page study published in Israel last week and scheduled to be issued in the U.S. by Random House next fall.

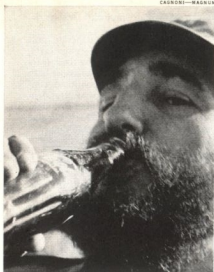
Fastest Wit. The author is Hungarian-born Shabtai Teveth, 45, a leading Israeli journalist and writer (*The Tanks of Tammuz*), who had nine lengthy interviews with Dayan. Teveth portrays an earthy, sometimes unpredictable man—and the fastest wit in the Middle East. Stopped on one occasion by a military policeman for driving 75 m.p.h.

* A highly spiced mash of chick-peas rolled into balls, deep-fried and stuffed into flat, round bread.

jabbing the air for emphasis and framed by flags, Castro holds forth in Pedro de Valdivia, a north Chile mining town.







CASTRO DRINKING COCA-COLA



TESTING WATER DURING MOTORBOAT OUTING OFF CHILEAN COAST

More like a touring inspector general than a visiting head of government.

much or so long," said Allende. "But he paid me no attention."

What was Castro up to? On one level, Allende hoped that the Cuban revolutionary's presence would sanctify his own efforts to tame Chile's obstreperous unions and mollify the extremists who want to turn the country into a pure socialist state overnight. With those elements, Castro certainly scored some

points: one Chuquicamata copper miner enthusiastically told newsmen last week that "Fidel made us see the importance of our producing more. Now, we are all *Fidelistas*." But the visit also cost Allende some of his remaining good will among the Chilean political middle, which does not hold the Cuban dictator in particular esteem.

Without Obedience. On another level, Castro had his own purposes to serve. His trip opened a campaign to break down the diplomatic and economic isolation imposed on Cuba, at U.S. insistence, by the Organization of American States in the early 1960s. Nationalism and anti-Yankee sentiment is so high in Latin America that U.S. officials concede privately that Castro may be able to re-establish Cuba's ties to the region on his own terms—meaning without obedience to the OAS or to Washington. Peru may soon follow Chile in recognizing Havana, and other countries will certainly follow. Eventually, a massive shift to-

ward Cuba could force the U.S. to reconsider its decade-old policy of isolating Castro.

That would be a triumph not only for Havana but also for Moscow. In going to Chile, Castro was in effect admitting that the kind of violent revolution he has espoused is passé. He was also endorsing the Soviet *via pacifica* policy of promoting Communism in Latin America through established parties and more or less conventional politics. Fidel made the point poignantly. While in Santiago, he laid wreaths on statues of two Latin American heroes—but he did not go near the one that had been erected for his old revolutionary comrade Che Guevara.

URUGUAY

A Test for the *Frente*

When the outdoor Central Market in downtown Montevideo opened one Sunday earlier this month, two nurses dressed in crisp white uniforms and carrying medical kits arrived with the first shoppers. The nurses installed themselves behind a table and proceeded to take the blood pressure of all shoppers who desired a free test. At the same time, squads of teen-agers fanned out to the beaches and rundown sections of the city and began cleaning up garbage and debris. "This is how the *Frente Amplio* will govern," proclaimed pamphlets distributed by the young people.

A year ago the *Frente Amplio* (Broad Front) did not even exist in the Uruguayan political picture. Today there is scarcely anyone in the tiny South American nation (pop. 2,900,000) who has not heard of the new leftist coalition. It has picked up so much popular steam since it was formed last February that some observers go so far as to give it a fair chance of winning next week's presidential elections. The latest Gallup poll, released last week, shows the Broad Front running a close second among Montevideo's voters to the ruling Colorado party and well ahead of the Blancos, the other party of long standing.

Populist Alliance. Should the Broad Front succeed in selecting its candidate, retired General Liber Seregni, 54, that will mark the first time in 136 years that Uruguay's President will have been chosen from neither the Colorados nor the Blancos, whose platforms as conservative Establishment parties are virtually indistinguishable from each other. The Front was formed by dissidents who feared that President Jorge Pacheco Areco's repressive response to workers' demands and to the activities of the youthful urban terrorists, the Tupamaros, would lead to civil war. It is composed of half a dozen small parties, including the Christian Democrats, the Communists and the Socialists, as well as renegades from the Colorados and the Blancos.

At first glance, the coalition looks much like the populist alliance of Socialists, Communists and Radicals that brought Chile's President Salvador Allende Gossens to office last year. But while the Broad Front's platform calls for agrarian reforms, nationalization of private banks and foreign trade, and the bolstering of state industry, it covers a much broader political spectrum than the Chilean alliance. Nor is Seregni, a disaffected Colorado, a Marxist like Allende.

The Tupamaros, who have been quiet since the spectacular tunnel escape that freed 106 of their number from prison last September, have given qualified support to the Broad Front, though Seregni has been careful to dissociate himself from their espousal of violence. One of his most popular promises has been to

Castro takes notes while talking with miners at vast Chuquicamata mine (above left) and clowns with basketball on indoor court at María Elena. Below, red flags and eager faces greet Fidel at Pedro de Valdivia.

convert into much-needed ambulances the police vans that Montevideans call "chanchitas" (little pigs), and that have become a symbol of Pacheco's abridgement of civil liberties.

President Pacheco, who succeeded to office from the vice-presidency in 1967 after President Oscar Gestido died, has ruled with almost dictatorial powers since early 1968, when he declared a state of emergency after a series of student and worker strikes. He instituted unlimited search and seizure, froze wages and prices (violators face summary arrest) and imposed press censorship. Motorists are routinely stopped at roadblocks and a Montevidean out for a stroll may be stopped several times with demands that he show his documents. Last July, Congress voted to lift the siege; Pacheco reimposed it a few hours later.

Uphill Battle. Though the constitution prohibits a President from succeeding himself, Pacheco hopes to get around the law by including on the ballot a constitutional amendment that would allow him to have another term. Thus voters will not only be asked to choose from among eleven candidates for President, including Pacheco, they will at the same time have to decide whether Pacheco, by being allowed to succeed himself, should be a candidate at all. If the amendment fails, the President has promised to turn over his votes to his alternate, Juan Maria Bordaberry, 43, his Minister of Agriculture.

Whoever wins the election will face an uphill battle to turn the nation's sluggish economy around. In the mid-1950s, world demands for Uruguay's two major exports, wool and beef, fell off sharply. Since then, inflation has soared 9,000%. Between 1956 and 1968, the country's gross national product fell 15%. Its social welfare programs, once a model for the world (by 1915, Uruguay had instituted the eight-hour day, free medical service and compulsory education), have bogged down in a lumbering bureaucracy. A quarter of Uruguay's 1,000,000-member work force is employed by the government, and another 400,000 are on pensions. Though the standard of living is still comparatively high for Latin America, Uruguayans are experiencing the disillusionment that comes from having known better times.

One result of their frustration has been a growing political polarization. Two weeks ago, Seregni narrowly escaped serious injury when an assassin lunged at him with a knife at a campaign rally. On the same day, a twelve-year-old boy was shot and killed in a campaign fracas. At a pro-Pacheco rally, someone tossed a live but harmless green snake at the speaker, who pitched it back onto the heads of his listeners. Such political turmoil was once almost unknown in the little land that was frequently called the "Switzerland of South America" and was noted for its hospitality to political refugees.

THE BALKANS Changing the Old Script

For centuries, the diverse peoples of the crowded area known as the Balkans have exploded regularly in unspeakably cruel wars, many of which spilled over into areas far beyond their borders. In the process, the Balkans—Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Greece and the European part of Turkey—became famous as a scene of intrigue and espionage. Mystery writers from Agatha Christie to Eric Ambler drew on the area for some of their best plots.

Now the Balkan countries are making an attempt to change the old script. Last week, in an act that in effect ended a 31-year undeclared state of war, Greece and Albania established normal diplomatic relations by exchanging ambassadors. As the price of reconciliation, Athens apparently dropped its 100-year-old claim to North Epirus, a large chunk of southern Albania populated by many Greeks. The two countries, which since 1940 had icily ignored one another and kept their mutual border tightly closed, are now expected to undertake joint ventures in promoting trade and tourism.

Mutual Fears. The Greek-Albanian example is part of a growing trend toward regional cooperation. The area is divided into five political camps: pro-Western, nonaligned, Maoist, and two variations of Moscow-oriented Communism. But leaders of the Balkans, motivated mainly by pragmatic economics and a desire to keep big powers from exploiting the region's problems for their own purposes, are making efforts to end old disputes. Yugoslavia, for example, has ended its old quarrel with Albania and is granting greater autonomy

to the Albanian minority within its borders.

The two countries that cooperate most closely are Rumania and Yugoslavia, which are drawn together by their fears about Soviet intentions. Officials of both countries are in almost continual consultation. This week Yugoslav President Tito will meet with Rumanian President and Communist Party Chief Nicolae Ceausescu on the Rumanian-Yugoslav border, not far from where the two countries are jointly building a huge dam at the Danube's so-called Iron Gate rapids. On its completion next summer, the dam, which will be capable of producing more electricity than Egypt's Aswan, will power new industrial plants in the two countries.

Rival Alignments. If Rumania is the maverick of the Soviet-dominated Warsaw Pact, Bulgaria is its most slavishly loyal member. Nevertheless, the two countries are on good terms, as reflected by the fact that Sofia has refrained from joining in the recent chorus of attacks by Hungary, East Germany and Czechoslovakia against Rumania's independent foreign policy. Even though Bulgaria and Turkey are members of rival military alignments, they are cooperating on several important issues. Sofia is allowing Bulgarian citizens of Turkish origin to emigrate to Turkey, and the two countries have just opened a rail line that directly links them without going through Greece. In turn, Greece is a frequent target of Bulgarian propaganda, but Sofia earlier this year signed a pact for joint economic and scientific cooperation with Athens. Sofia is also negotiating with Athens for rights to use the Greek port of Salonica for unloading Algerian iron ore bound for Bulgarian plants located just across the border.

Greece and Rumania are cozying up



YUGOSLAVIA'S TITO & RUMANIA'S CEAUȘESCU VISITING IRON GATE DAM (1969)

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by frequent ministerial meetings and increasing trade after years of estrangement. Greek-Turkish relations, which have been strained to the breaking point at least twice in the past decade over Cyprus, now are markedly improved.

Power Struggle. A Hungarian newspaper recently noted that for the first time since the end of World War II everybody in the Balkans is finally on speaking terms. Still, the terms are by no means always polite. Albania, Peking's principal friend in Europe, is still swapping denunciations with Bulgaria. Sofia and Belgrade are still quarreling over Bulgarian claims to the entire region of Macedonia.

Another problem is that the area's crucial location as the land bridge between Europe and Asia inevitably makes it a scene of struggle among the superpowers. The Soviet Union, which has never given up trying to bring breakaway Yugoslavia back into the orthodox Communist fold, has an additional goal—a seaport on Yugoslavia's Dalmatian Coast for its big Mediterranean fleet. In a brilliant flanking tactic, China is showing an increasingly protective interest in Rumania and Yugoslavia; the object is to prevent the Soviets from moving freely against either country without having to fear Chinese retaliation against Mongolia and the eastern Soviet borders. The U.S. is also involved in the Balkans through Washington's commitment to help Yugoslavia maintain its nonaligned status. Thus, while the trends toward cooperation are strong, the Balkans still retain the old ingredients that made them the tinderbox of Europe.

BERLIN

Scattered Chips

When the Big Four initiated their agreement on Berlin last September, they left East and West German negotiators to solve a devilishly complicated real estate problem: What should be done about twelve scattered chips of West Berlin that are completely or partially surrounded by territory belonging to the Communist German Democratic Republic? These "exclaves" were created when Greater Berlin was established in 1920, incorporating eight towns, 59 rural districts and 27 farms. Some bits of land were separated from the city, but came under its jurisdiction anyway. When the Allies set up occupation zones in 1944, they left these outlying farms and villages under Berlin administration. Whether cut off by the Wall, a roadway or a stretch of river, the territories and the accidental exiles who occupy them have added to the cold war intrigue that has long pervaded the city.

Symbolic Gesture. The most embattled enclave has been Steinücken, a village with 190 permanent residents living comfortably if nervously on 31 acres 1,200 yards southwest of West Berlin. Although it legally belongs to West Berlin's Zehlendorf district, part of the

American sector, the village is completely surrounded by East Germany. But for that, it might be just another pleasant suburb. Big pines and oaks line the cobblestoned streets. The tile-roofed, many-gabled single-family houses have rough-cast beige exteriors, carefully tended gardens and little fences around every yard. But Steinücken is surrounded by armament-bristling concrete towers that allow East German "Vopos" to peer into bedroom windows.

After the war, the Communists sporadically attempted to incorporate Steinücken into their territory. In October 1951, Vopos swept into the town, cut telephone communications to West Ber-

lin worked out. The Zehlendorf fire department, for example, can go to Steinücken, and an electrician can enter to fix the refrigerator in the town's only grocery. Previously, both were barred. Steinückeners refused to apply for special G.D.R. travel permits to go to their jobs and classrooms in West Berlin and they now have West Berlin identity cards with "unhindered access" stamped on them.

Ice Cellar. Life is almost as nerve-racking for the 20 inhabitants of 125-acre Eiskeller, a farm community on the northwest tip of the city. Connected to West Berlin by a one-lane, 800-meter road, Eiskeller (Ice Cellar) belongs to the Spandau district in the British sector. The shoulderless roadway is so narrow that no gas or electric lines can be installed: though it is the coldest part of the city, petroleum for both light and heat must be trucked in. Non-residents must travel the dirt road under British escort, because Vopos lurk just off the roadway in case anybody accidentally "invades" East German territory. Ten years ago, the Vopos so harassed and frightened a young Eiskeller boy whenever he bicycled out to meet his school bus that he finally quit going to school. The British army solved the problem by escorting him back and forth along the road every day with an armed Land Rover and a weapons carrier fore and aft of his bicycle.

Most of the exclaves are scarcely worth arguing about—unoccupied meadowlands and swamps or small farms too far into East Germany to be of much practical concern to West Berlin (see map). Two exclaves on the Havel River, Erlengrund (one acre) and Fichtenwiese (nine acres), are the sites of some 150 summer houses or cottages belonging to West Berliners. Homeowners can reach their property for a few hours' outing only through a heavy steel-plated door in the Wall. They must summon a Vopo by pressing a black plastic button beside the door. Then they must cross the sandy death strip under the watchful eyes of Vopo sharpshooters and pass through yet another door in a second wall to reach their homes. A German family carrying picnic baskets through this grim gauntlet is one of the more memorable sights of post-Wall Berlin.

Isolated Field. The East Germans have their own small exclaves in West Berlin. There is, for instance, a triangular field between the Brandenburg Gate and West Berlin's Philharmonic Orchestra building that is cut off from East Berlin by the Wall. Correcting some of the problems would require the East Germans to move several sections of the Wall. Still, the secret negotiations made possible by the Big Four agreement offer hope that one day soon Eiskeller farmers will have electricity and Steinückeners will no longer have to spend three days acquiring permits to transport a piece of new furniture from West Berlin to their homes.



lin, and posted proclamations stating that Steinücken was part of East Germany. They left four days later after the Allies vigorously protested the action. When the Berlin Wall went up in 1961, General Lucius D. Clay made a symbolic gesture designed to calm frightened West Berliners. He took a helicopter across the "death strip" to Steinücken and evacuated 32 political refugees; a day later, he created what may be the U.S. Army's smallest permanent armed garrison operating openly on foreign soil—a post staffed by three military policemen, who live in the basement of the mayor's house and patrol Steinücken's perimeter.

Many problems have now been

PEOPLE

"I feel that an American citizen should not bow to foreign monarchs," wrote **Martha Mitchell** in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, explaining her own stiff-legged presentation to Queen Elizabeth II at a garden party last July. Protocol-wise, curtsying is optional for non-subjects, but Scotland's 70-year-old Earl of Lindsay, a member of the Queen's Body Guard for Scotland, was fit to be tied. He fired off a letter to Martha ("I take it that it is your considered opinion that I should remain seated during the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*") and followed it up with a statement to the press: "I feel she had to be put in her place. There is always hope she may learn some manners. She is a stupid woman. If she is going to shout her mouth off like that, she is bound to get shouted at." In reply, Mrs. Mitchell took her cue from **Jimmy Durante**. She said: "He just probably wanted to get in on the act."

In Israel to help celebrate German Culture Week, West German Novelist **Günter Grass** maintained his reputation for spade-calling by attacking the militant Jewish Defense League and the Betar organization for trying to disrupt the week's lectures, theatrical performances and concerts. This "irrational militancy" would be a serious problem for Israel, said Grass, if it were to be directed against the Arabs in Israel "with whom you are going to have to live." As for the idea that it is still too soon for the Israelis to get to know the Germans, he declared: "I don't want to wait until the last old people who were in the concentration camps have died. And I don't like the Bible mentality that says the second and third generations must carry on the burden for the early generations."

The wages of sin have been marked PAID for **John Profumo**. The British War Minister, who was forced to resign in disgrace from Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan's** Cabinet in 1963

for having lied to Parliament about his affair with Party Girl **Christine Keeler**, was greeted warmly by **Queen Elizabeth II**. The occasion: the opening of Attlee House, an extension of London's famed Toynbee Hall, a rehabilitation center in the East End where Profumo has been working full time helping alcoholics, drug addicts, parolees and ex-convicts. Said Social Worker Profumo afterward: "It has been a wonderful day, all very exciting."

Out of their ever-ready acid bath, the gossipophilic editors of *Women's Wear Daily* have pulled a new version of the venerable In-and-Out game to stir up the animals in Manhattan's social zoo. The key people in New York, whispers *WWD*, are the "Cat Pack." When its members walk into a room, "there's more than a ripple. There's a wave. They know everything about what's going on. And when they meet, there's that secret kiss on each cheek." Money and fame are not enough to make the Cat Pack—**Johnny Carson**, **Ted Kennedy** and **John Lindsay** are out of it, so is **Nelson Rockefeller**, though his brothers **David** and **Laurance** are in. Some husbands are in while their wives are not (**Cat Lord Snowden** and **Non-Feline Princess Margaret**), and vice versa (rich and social Manhattan Councilman **Carter Burden**, out, and his pretty wife **Amanda**, in). Among the 67 on the list—which includes five dress designers and three interior decorators—**Richard M. Nixon** is nowhere to be found, but **No. 67** is **Chou En-lai**.

The southpaw sensation of the 1971 baseball season, Pitcher **Vida Blue** of the Oakland Athletics, has just been named the Most Valuable Player in the American League by the Baseball Writers Association. It made a double for the 22-year-old after only one full season in the major leagues. Last month he won the Cy Young Award as the year's outstanding pitcher.

QUEEN ELIZABETH & PROFUMO



DILLER & ALI
Down.

When a couple of heavyweights get together, something's got to give. In Houston, it was **Phyllis Diller** as well as **Buster Mathis** who landed on the canvas—though ex-Champ **Muhammad Ali** hardly seemed to notice. He might have been expected to express a little gratitude. Even flat on her back, Phyllis was the only other person who lent a little life to the well-publicized put-on.

Federal District Judge **Julius J. Hoffman**, 76, who will go down in the annals of law for his handling of the "Chicago Seven" conspiracy trial, is planning to retire and ask the President to place him on senior status, which would continue his \$40,000 salary. "I could have retired six years ago at full pay," he hastened to explain. "But I decided that the Lord had been good to me, and I wanted to give the public the benefit of my experience." He has no plans to accept the invitations he has received to speak about the Chicago Seven trial. Still, "I could do some rip-roaring speeches—though they might not pay me as much as they pay [Defense Attorney] **William Kunstler**."

The "Desert Fox" may not have been so foxy after all. According to an impressive roster of military experts appearing on West German TV, World War II Field Marshal **Erwin Rommel** was far from the brave and brilliant commander Hitler had cracked him up to be. Rommel's understanding of strategy was "slight," said General **Ulrich de Maizière**, the Bundeswehr's chief of staff. After studying the archives, the program's director said: "He couldn't work with large bodies, and he panicked when faced with great tasks." Rommel's appeal to Hitler, suggested General **Wolf von Baudissin**, was that, like the Führer himself, "he was no snob and no intellectual."



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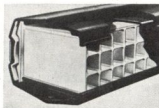
Our car has Front-Wheel Drive, a standard 4-cylinder, fuel-injected, overhead cam engine and 4-speed transmission (3-speed automatic is optional), 4-wheel disc brakes and roll-cage construction. Radial tires are standard too.

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SAAB 99E

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ENVIRONMENT



"RATTUS NORVEGICUS" BROWSING ON ONCE-LETHAL CHEMICAL

The Super-Rats Are Coming

Wherever and whenever man moves, he takes with him an enemy—the rat. Sly, hardy and resilient, it rode with Marco Polo and voyaged with Magellan, Cabot and countless captains of tramp steamers. And like any ocean-bored traveler, the first thing a rat did was to get off the moment the ship docked.

To fight the rodents, the ancients used cats. Modern societies have tried potent poisons like strychnine and zinc phosphide. Trouble is, they are not only kill rats but friendly animals and unwary human beings as well. In 1947, a better weapon appeared: an anticoagulant called warfarin. In small doses, it does not harm large animals. But when a rat swallowed it, it caused internal bleeding and death, usually within five days. For about 25 years, man felt he had the rat on the run. No more. British health authorities have discovered that brown "house" rats (*Rattus norvegicus*) in Wales and black "ship" rats (*Rattus rattus*) on Liverpool's docks now eat warfarin as casually as if it were an appetizer. Clearly a new immune strain has developed—the super-rat.

Specialists hoped that the new immunity would be confined to England. But last week the World Health Organization reported that immunity has been discovered in brown rats in Holland, Denmark, West Germany and the U.S. Said WHO: "The world is facing up to an international menace."

Catholic Tastes. That is putting it mildly. Rats and their parasites carry bubonic plague, murine typhus, trichinosis, leptospirosis and other diseases. Rats bite man in anger or nibble infants in hunger. Rats spoil an estimated 33 million tons of cereals each year, either by eating them outright or contaminating them with droppings. They steal eggs (whole), gnaw lazy elephants' feet and can kill young lambs.

What can be done to control super-rats? Cats unfortunately seem to have gone soft. To return to their murderous ways, they must be weaned from canned foods and retrained in what WHO calls

"a suitable rat-killing environment"—one where other rat-hunting cats are at work. Snakes, mongooses and ferrets might help, if anyone wants such creatures around homes, docks and warehouses.

Incredible Cunning. Another way to kill rats is to return to the old poisons. With an almost incredible cunning, though, some rats have learned to let one member of the pack taste the bait. If he dies immediately, the food is ignored.

"We aren't exactly alarmed—the Ministry of Agriculture is never alarmed—but we are working very hard to find an alternative to warfarin," says a British government official. Even so, the rats have a final defense that has made a fool of man since the combat began. The average female produces up to twelve litters a year, and in each litter are ten ravenous young rats.

Bad Air Over Birmingham

For years specialists in Birmingham have been giving patients with lung diseases this grim advice: "Leave the city or die." The air is among the worst in the U.S. even on good days, but last week really dramatized the reason for the doctors' concern. On Monday night an atmospheric inversion settled over the city. The sky turned reddish-brown, as clouds of ash, soot, and foundry dust produced by the city's factories were trapped beneath. By Tuesday, the pollution level had risen to 771 micrograms of particulate matter per cubic meter of air, nearly four times the level considered safe by the Environmental Protection Agency.

Principal source of Birmingham's smog is a clutch of 23 heavy-industry companies (including U.S. Steel and Republic Steel), whose smokestacks spew out tons of sooty particles each day. Last April, when a similar temperature inversion occurred, most of the companies ignored requests from local health authorities and the EPA to cut back production, and held out until a shift in the weather blew the problem away.

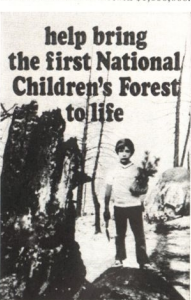
This time the EPA did not wait for the

weather to change. It asked U.S. District Court Judge Sam C. Pointer Jr. to order the 23 companies to shut down or drastically cut back production. The judge did just that. It was the first such order obtained under the emergency powers given the EPA by the 1970 Clean Air Act. Compliance was good if somewhat reluctant. Though by week's end a light wind and rain cleared the smog and the injunction was lifted, the order was an earnest of more injunctions to come.

Trees by Label

Most advertisers lure young customers to their products with offers of model racing cars or "surprise" toys. Hunt-Wesson Foods has a different ploy: trees. In the wake of a wave of forest fires that swept the Pacific Northwest, last December the California food-processing company offered to plant a seedling tree in the fire-ravaged forests in the name of anyone who sent in a label or code number from a can of its Big John's Beans 'n Fixin's. More than 200,000 requests were received in ten months, and an equivalent number of Ponderosa pine seedlings were planted in Washington's Wenatchee National Forest. The company mailed out a certificate to each respondent in the name of Hunt-Wesson and the U.S. Forest Service stating that he or she had "participated in a national-forest-building program."

The gimmick was so successful that last July Hunt-Wesson launched something called the National Children's Forest—a tree would be planted in one of three national forests in the name of every moppet who mailed in a label from any of nine of the company's most popular products. In three months the company received 173,000 requests, and the response shows no sign of flagging. Cost to Hunt-Wesson could reach \$1,000,000.



HUNT-WESSON POSTER
Trees for beans.

EDUCATION

Open Admissions: A Mixed Report

One year ago, the mammoth (207,000 enrollment) City University of New York began its innovative Open Admissions program, which guaranteed classroom space to any city applicant with a high school diploma and imposed a three-semester moratorium on academic dismissals (TIME, Oct. 19, 1970). The purpose of the program was to provide an educational second chance for graduates of the city's mediocre high schools who otherwise would not qualify for college. To critics among faculty, alumni and outside educators, the experiment seemed like a formula for disaster. Many agreed with Vice President Spiro Agnew, who warned that the city was "trading away one of the intellectual assets of the Western world for a four-year community college and 100,000 devalued diplomas."

As in a marriage or a business venture, a year may be too short a period to determine whether Open Admissions has been either a success or a failure. But last week, in testimony before a state legislative committee, CUNY Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee and other officials were cautiously optimistic about their experiment. There was no exodus of professors, and there is no evidence that talented students were held back. Moreover, the task of having to cope with masses of students who lacked basic high school skills forced the university to revamp and modernize its teaching methods, potentially to the benefit of all students.

Lifting Morale. The first year of Open Admissions was a traumatic experiment for CUNY's ten four-year colleges and eight community colleges. Last year's freshman class grew to 35,000, up 16,000 over 1969; this fall the incoming class swelled to 40,000. At Manhattan's Hunter College, a cafeteria designed for 3,000 now serves a mob of 13,000; faculty members sometimes have to share not

only desks but desk drawers. University officials insist that a building program will alleviate the space squeeze, but cuts in state and city spending on CUNY have nearly halted construction.

Nationally, about 60% of all high school graduates go on to some kind of college; in New York, thanks to Open Admissions, the figure is 76%. The new policy was set up as a result of pressure from blacks; ironically, two-thirds of the students admitted under its terms were white—the sons and daughters of hardhats and the working poor. Even so, the number of black and Puerto Rican undergraduates enrolled full time in the university increased from 14% in 1969 to 23% this year. If nothing else, Open Admissions helped lift morale in the high schools whose failures made the program necessary in the first place. At Benjamin Franklin High in East Harlem two years ago only 10% of the seniors bothered to apply to CUNY, and only 1% were accepted. This year, as the students discovered that they stood a real chance of getting to college, 76% applied.

Another Vision. The racial mix meant racial tensions. A group of black youths at Brooklyn College complained when militant Jewish students kept playing an Israeli song on a campus jukebox, and an ugly fight followed. In classrooms, the conflict between elitist teachers and egalitarian students is more subtle. When one young English instructor offered to share his knowledge of a Walt Whitman first edition with his class, a black student answered: "Look, man, you're into this first-edition bag, and that's all right with me, understand. But man, I think it's a crock."

Nonetheless, Vice Chancellor Timothy Healy argues that the increased presence of minorities is healthy: "One of the great gifts the black and Puerto Rican student can bring to the university is another vision of America—a vision that is not necessarily complimentary."

Pluralistic vitality, however, is no substitute for essential academic skills,

and CUNY officials were shocked to discover just how ill-prepared many of their new students were. Tests showed that fully 56% of the 1970 freshman class—not just the Open Admissions students—had a reading level below the national average for college-bound high school seniors. In math, 59% were below the average.

A basic problem that Open Admissions posed at CUNY was the need to provide remedial training at the same time that students were being introduced to college-level work. Not enough remedial specialists were available for hire, and many of the university's older professors were incapable of dealing with semiliterate youths. Occasionally professors gave up on the Open Admissions students, giving passing marks without attempting to teach them at all.

Grace Period. Thanks in part to the hiring of nearly 600 youth-oriented teachers, CUNY officials believe that the solution to the problem is in sight. Instead of merely being given a catalogue and told to choose a program, Open Admissions students are offered counseling. Overall, the educational strategy has been to make the Open Admissions students measure up to normal standards by the end of a course, but to give them extra help and extra time to get there. At Hunter, for instance, the introductory math course has been broken up into small units, which a student can review as many times as he needs to before taking a test on the matter. "So it takes 20 weeks instead of 15 for a student to master the material," says Mary Dolciani, chairman of the math department. "But who said that it had to be covered in 15 weeks?" Hunter President Jacqueline Grennan Wexler points out that "if we make Open Admissions work, it will be beneficial to our most able students as well as our disadvantaged students." For example, the math genius who needs help with English composition or the freshman poet who lags behind in biology can now get help that was never available before.

From a purely academic viewpoint,

JAMMED STUDENT LOUNGE



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the results of so much force-fed learning are still uncertain. The slow pace of remedial work means that many of last year's freshmen are freshmen still. Discouragement over difficulties, or the need to help their families by seeking work, has caused 36% of the Open Admissions students to drop out. The figure is almost twice as high as that for CUNY students with conventional academic records, but is no worse than the national average. More significant will be the end of the academic grace period, when the first students are flunked out. CUNY recently moved that point forward from January to next June.

There is still an undercurrent of opposition to the program among the faculty, particularly at the four-year colleges. Henry Villard, a professor of economics at City College, laments a loss of the combative student skepticism for which City was ever famous. "One of the beauties of teaching here used to be that if you told a class that two plus two equals four, one student would always say it equals five. Now if I say two plus two equals five, they dutifully write it down." Other critics share the view of Irving Kristol, professor of urban values at New York University, that the university is being "fraudulent" in "promising more than it can perform," since education alone cannot overcome the deep-rooted deprivations of poverty. Still, CUNY officials argue that the program offers hope and opportunity where none existed before. In decaying, problem-plagued New York City, that is clearly a gain.

Teaching Football Widows

Mrs. Doris Laurini, 26, is a pioneering scholar in a new field of academic study. In addition to weekend field trips, she has supplemented her extensive library research with materials obtained through that remarkable tool of educational technology, television. Her subject is football, and strange as it may seem, she is currently teaching a course in the pro game at Triton College in the Chicago suburb of River Grove. Her class is made up of "football widows," who want to learn the fine points of game watching in order to enjoy Sunday afternoons with their husbands.

Mrs. Laurini's noncredit seminar huddles Thursday evenings in a classroom that the community college rents from a local high school. Tuition is \$15 for ten lessons. She requires pupils to memorize the colors and emblems of every National Football League team, assigns each student a game to report on each week. Mrs. Laurini diagrams plays on a blackboard like a coach, explains subtleties and details by using instant replays that she videotapes while watching the previous week's games.

Tackles and Tidbits. Occasionally she will use housewifely metaphors to explain gridiron concepts. Her definition



MRS. LAURINI IN CLASS
Lured across the line by cheese.

of a trap play, for instance, begins: "Short for mousetrail. The defensive tackle (mouse) is lured across the line of scrimmage by the cheese (the quarterback) and the offensive linemen."

But her curriculum is all business. "We start with the basics," she says, "positions and formations." Already her pupils are at ease with such knowing terms as flares and neutral zones. To help them one-up their friends, Mrs. Laurini tosses in such statistical tidbits as the average height and weight of defensive tackles in the league (6 ft. 4 in., 260 lbs.).

Like many of her students, Mrs. Laurini used to while away fall Sunday afternoons reading, because her husband, a high school teacher, glued himself to the tube from noon to nightfall. Eventually she started watching the games herself. "We got our first color television set when I was pregnant," she recalls. "I can't say whether it was the TV or the pregnancy, but I started to crave football games."

When her husband became irritated by her questions, she started to read up on the game. Eventually she even made a research trip to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio. This fall Triton agreed to sponsor the course—if she could round up a dozen students.

"The toughest students to recruit," she says, "were the ones who don't like to learn the game because it would be losing a challenge point to their husbands. You know, she can say 'Well, you watched the games all day Sunday, so I have a right to go out.'" Her proudest catch is a rather sheepish football widower, a balding businessman who enrolled because: "In my business there are men who constantly talk about the week's games, and I felt ignorant because I couldn't say anything."

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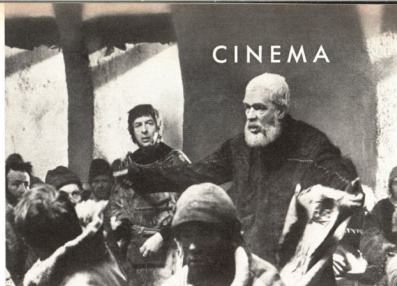
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MacGOWRAN & SCOFIELD IN "KING LEAR"

King Blear

Art, like nature, is divided into organic entities. A rose is not a pear, and a pear is not a giraffe. Similarly, a novel is not a play and a play is not a film. Yet year after year the singular Anglo-American idiocy of trying to adapt a given work from one form to another goes on, a process that Louis Kronenberger once described as "cutting up a sofa to make a chair."

The latest sofa cutter is the distinguished, able and antic English theater

director, Peter Brook. Having directed *King Lear* as a play, Brook has turned it into a film with the same star, Paul Scofield. The picture is never great and not always good.

Sage in Motley. What has Brook done with this ravaging epic of the thankless daughters and their wild old fool of a father? He has had to cut it to prevent it from being grindingly long. The cuts have weakened the cumulative impact, and in specific instances the weakness can be felt. A diminished interplay between Lear and his Fool (Jack

MacGowran) reduces the full irony that the Fool is a sage in motley.

Sometimes, a powerful dramatic effect is totally lost. When Lear sees that Cordelia (Annelise Gabold), his sole loving daughter, is dead, he utters the five-fold "Never" that some regard as the greatest single line in English drama. But in the film, he does not fumble at his throat and go on to say "Pray you, undo this button," thus depriving the act of tragic purgation and vertiginous descent from regal magnificence to the pitiable humanity of the commonplace.

In strict filmic terms, Brook and his cameraman, Henning Kristiansen, supply plenty of visual pyrotechnics. One decision was splendid. The dominating color, or non-color, of the film is white. This creates the proper sensation of wintry old age and bleakness. The film gives off an almost palpable and desolating coldness, as if one were witnessing snow on the craters of the moon. But the defect of that virtue surfaces at the fulcrum of the play, which is the vast raging storm on the heath. The lashing rain seems incongruous in such an icy climate, and no one's thoughts should be remotely physical at that moment. Shakespeare has carried us to the butt end of existence, as close to an annihilating image of nothingness as drama has ever achieved. One ought, at that moment, to be in awed metaphysical contemplation of man's terrible fate.

Apart from the matter of color and

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The Villager may be 5 inches trimmer in length, but its big cargo

cold, there are painterly compositions, off-focus shots, bifocal shots and all sorts of imaginative camera stunts. The most ambitious filmic effect does not really come off. Brook tries to combine highly stylized segments, almost like animated Japanese prints, with segments that are strictly naturalistic in a homey medieval vein. In watching these shifts, the viewer can only fail to pay full attention to what Shakespeare is saying. This is the basic problem of film v. theater. The film's priority is always the visual image, to which the word is subordinated. But on the stage the word has priority and it fires the imagination.

The Actor as Object. Similarly, the actor in a film is an object. The camera is impersonal, but not magnanimous; it makes the actor part of the scenery. Onstage, the actor is at the incandescent center of the action. He incarnates the flame of truth and beauty invested in him by the playwright to be passed on to the audience. Thus one can say that Scofield is perfectly all right as Lear, that MacGowran is a good Fool and that Irene Worth is especially good as Goneril, the oldest and ugliest daughter. Then, too, Alan Webb sensitively portrays the Duke of Gloucester, whose eyes are gouged out with stomach-churning realism. But the instantaneous afterthought is that though these actors have done absolutely superb work onstage, a filmgoer who sees only films would never guess it from this *Lear*.

The ultimate failure of the film is too serious for the good things in it to redeem. It is unthinkable that at some moment the destiny of Lear would not move one to tears. That moment never comes in this film.

■ T.E. Kalem

Reservations Required

Anyone who enjoys being the target of a put-on will revel in Frank Zappa's *200 Motels*. It's an act of undisguised aggression against the audience—rather like a mugging in a movie theater. Zappa makes movies the way he and his group, the Mothers of Invention, make music—wildly, brazenly, eclectically.

"Touring can make you go crazy, ladies and gentlemen," a voice proclaims early in the movie. "That is what *200 Motels* is all about." It would be foolhardy to take Zappa at his word, of course. The film might just as easily be about hydrangea cultivation or the presidency of Chester A. Arthur. If it can really be said to be "about" anything, *200 Motels* is about the effect it has on the audience, which is not always pleasant and is occasionally exasperating and even disconcerting. It helps that the movie is sometimes exceedingly funny.

Part of the action takes place on a triumphantly phony set representing a town called "Centerville" ("a real nice place to raise your kids up"), where the Mothers are stranded. Another part



STARR (LEFT) WITH ZAPPA & PALMER
Like a mugging in a movie theater.

takes place in a cavernous recording studio, where Zappa can fleetingly be seen leading the London Philharmonic Orchestra in a performance of his composition *200 Motels*, which is made up of equal parts of Spike Jones, John Cage and Buddy Holly. There are episodes involving lust-crazed groupies, a sleazy impresario named Rance Muhammad (Theodore Bikel) and a character called Larry the Dwarf, who is played by Ringo Starr made up to look exactly like Frank Zappa. There is even an animated cartoon ostensibly

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compartment still lets you lay 4-foot-wide panels out flat, just as you can in the biggest wagons.

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about the "dental-hygiene dilemma," which is set inside the mouth of none other than Donald Duck. Zappa and Co-Director Tony Palmer, shooting with video tape, overindulge in elaborate color effects that give the movie the touchingly antiquated look of a psychedelic record jacket. The craziness climaxes, fittingly enough, with full cast and chorus raising their voices in an irreverent anthem: "Lord, have mercy on the fate of this movie/ And God bless the mind of the man in the street." Mothers fans will be ecstatic, but the man in the street will need more than prayer to pull him through *200 Motels*.

■ Jay Cocks

Smack on the Balcony

The young American slumps languidly at a café table in Venice. Suddenly, a vision! A blonde, fair-skinned creature crosses the canal by balancing on the edge of a footbridge. Enchanted, he goes over to make conversation: "Can I show you Venice?"

So much for dialogue. *Jennifer on My Mind* is the saga of the ill-fated relationship born at this moment. Hero Marcus (Michael Brandon) is a footloose heir with a wallet and a head full of dough. Heroine Jennifer (Tippy Walker) is a flighty little psychopath with a couple of nasty habits—bitchiness and dope. After leading Marcus a merry chase from Venice to New York City and back again, she gives him the slip. He returns to the U.S. and settles down in an apartment in New Jersey, of all places, to try to forget. Jenny, by now badly strung out on heroin, finds him and does her balancing act once more—this time on his balcony. He rescues her, she has hysterics. To quiet her he gives her another shot of smack, which kills her.

This will come as a surprise to no one, since the film—told largely in flashbacks—opens with a shot of Jenny's corpse. What is surprising is that *Jennifer on My Mind* is allegedly a comedy. The subject, which has only slightly less comic potential than *Bangla Desh*, was written up with unbounded vulgarity by Erich Segal, who has wrung laughs from young love and leukemia in his time. As in *Love Story*, however, they are all the wrong kind.

The movie was directed by Noel Black, who several years back made a quirkish little black comedy called *Pretty Poison*. None of the shrewd, chilly humor present in that effort can be detected in *Jennifer on My Mind*. There are only two small bright moments: Peter Bonerz does a funny, lamentably brief turn as an unctuous psychiatrist. And Robert De Niro appears as a speed-freak gypsy cab driver who doesn't want to take Marcus to Oyster Bay. "Come up, see my sister instead," De Niro leers. Marcus declines, and as De Niro hurls his purple Day-Glo cab into gear, he screams, "The gypsies lose again!"

■ J.C.

THE LAW

DE LUCA—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

WALTER BENNETT



STEVENS



ROBB

Some good marks for professional competence.

Nixon's Other Judges

Supreme Court decisions and Supreme Court nominations make much of the legal news, but the nine men in black who occupy the marble temple behind the Capitol are only the most visible part of the federal judiciary. Most cases within federal jurisdiction never get to them. Instead, the great bulk of its litigation is disposed of in the 89 district courts and the eleven U.S. Courts of Appeals around the country. The lower courts are the workaday world of the federal judicial system, and the caliber of the people appointed to these benches is a large factor in the quality of U.S. justice. Though some of Richard Nixon's candidates for the Supreme Court have been of dubious distinction, his selections for the district and appeals levels get generally good marks for professional competence.

"There is definite evidence that the quality of the federal judiciary has been going up," says Albert Jenner Jr., former head of the American Bar Association's Standing Committee on the Federal Judiciary. Nixon has appointed a total of 135 people to the federal bench, and four of his nominations are pending in the Senate. The A.B.A., which rates each one before confirmation, found 72 "well qualified" or "extremely well qualified"; not a single nominee was ruled out as "not qualified." John Kennedy managed to nominate eight men whom the A.B.A. blackballed, and Lyndon Johnson four. Nixon has followed the partisan tradition in picking his candidates. Of his nominees, 90% are Republicans. Johnson put up 94% Democrats, Kennedy 91%; Dwight Eisenhower named 93% Republicans.

Blue Slip. Senators play a major role in the selection. They are invariably consulted in advance of a nomination, and they have an unwritten but real veto power over the President's choice. Senate practice blocks confirmation of any candidate for the district or circuit bench who is unacceptable to either of his home-state Senators. James Eastland of Mississippi, chairman of the Senate Ju-

diary Committee, sends both of the Senators a blue slip bearing the nominee's name, and if either fails to return it, the nomination is abandoned.

In the Administration, the key man in the process is Deputy Attorney General Richard Kleindienst. In 1969 Kleindienst put together a judicial master list of sorts containing the names of some 150 possible candidates for Supreme Court vacancies. The roster has been used for nominations to lower courts as well. It is heavy with sitting judges and Establishment lawyers; Republican Administrations tend to tap prominent law firms for court talent. Says one Administration official: "We've produced lots of good judges, but we haven't produced the best. We've ignored the good law professors because they don't come through the system. They're not cronies of the Senators." Still, the Administration's record is more than passable. Among Nixon's better nominees:

WALTER MANSFIELD, 60, of New York, on the Second Circuit. Before moving up to the court of appeals in June, Mansfield sat for five years as a district court judge, where he made a distinguished record. One well-publicized decision required McSorley's Old Ale House in Manhattan to admit women. "Without suggesting that chivalry is dead," he wrote, "we no longer hold to Shakespeare's immortal phrase, 'Frailty, thy name is woman!'"

ARLIN ADAMS, 50, of Philadelphia, on the Third Circuit. He has an extensive background in private practice, interrupted by three years as Governor William Scranton's secretary of public welfare. Lawyers admire both his integrity and his legal acumen. Like many of the Nixon nominees, he is a tough law-and-order man but, adds Georgetown University Law Professor Samuel Dash, he is also "a sensitive human being."

ROGER ROBB, 64, of the District of Columbia Circuit. A photograph of Barry Goldwater has a prominent place on one wall of his chambers; last year he fired a law clerk reportedly for signing an antiwar petition. But his logical judicial reasoning commands the respect of both liberals and conservatives. He was a *magna cum laude* graduate of Yale and made a reputation as one of Washington's ablest trial lawyers. One client: former Communist Party Chief Earl Browder, indicted for contempt of Congress in 1950 and acquitted the next year.



ADAMS



MANSFIELD

From a roster of Establishment lawyers.

JOHN PAUL STEVENS, 51, of Chicago, on the Seventh Circuit. He clerked for the late Supreme Court Justice Wiley Rutledge, then specialized in antitrust cases in private practice. In 1969 he was special counsel to an investigating commission that found two Illinois Supreme Court justices guilty of "gross impropriety" for accepting bank shares from a former state revenue director. On the court of appeals, one of his dissenting opinions upheld the rights of Father James Groppi, the activist Milwaukee priest.

Some of Nixon's appointees are of less distinction. U.S. District Judge Samuel Conti of San Francisco has a reputation with the bar for regressive rulings—including taking the highly unusual action of denying bail to four Selective Service defendants. Spencer Williams of the same court was found barely qualified by the A.B.A. On the Fifth Circuit, which covers much of the South, Joe McDonald Ingraham ranks as a less than distinguished choice; as a trial judge, he gave Muhammad Ali the maximum sentence of five years and a \$10,000 fine for refusing to be drafted. The conviction was later overturned.

College Roommate. The South has been a judicial sore spot for Presidents other than Nixon. No recent President has nominated a black in the South; indeed, Nixon has named only three blacks to district courts. Lyndon Johnson chose nine for district benches and higher judicial posts, while John Kennedy selected three. Of Nixon's four Southern nominees to the Fifth Circuit, two have been at least average—Charles Clark of Mississippi and Paul Roney of Florida—but the others were G. Harrold Carswell and Ingraham. Still, that record is a bit better than John Kennedy's. One J.F.K. appointment to a district court in Mississippi was William Harold Cox, a college roommate of Senator Eastland's who had addressed blacks from the bench as "niggers." Writes Victor S. Navasky in *Kennedy Justice*: "No aspect of Robert Kennedy's attorney generalship is more vulnerable to criticism than his appointments to the Southern courts. On the evidence thus far, the Nixon Administration is earning a more positive appraisal."

THE PRESS

Hard Times at the Times

Even the mighty New York *Times* is not immune to the profit squeeze that affects much of the press. In fact, the *Times* has been hit harder than most. Despite record revenues of \$209 million, net income for the first nine months of this year is down nearly a third, to \$6,435,000. Although Sunday readership continues to grow, circulation of the daily paper has dropped 31,842, to 814,290 in 1971, and ad volume is off more than 6%, or 3,649,000 lines.

To underline the difficulties, Publisher Arthur Ochs ("Punch") Sulzberger recently sent a letter to all 5,500 *Times* employees at their homes. "The recession has affected other newspapers too," the letter pointed out, "but when we compare our performance to theirs, we do not look good." Of eleven publicly owned newspaper operations he listed in the letter, Sulzberger pegs the *Times* dead last in percentage of after-tax profit margin—a razor-thin 2.7%. Warned Sulzberger: "If it turns into a trend, it can jeopardize the security of our jobs."

Sulzberger notes that "we are over-manned in too many areas." His letter complained of restrictive union practices that have blocked automation, careless printing errors in classified ads that require \$2,000,000 a year worth of re-runs, and a disturbing increase in plant sabotage. "I don't want to appear quarrelsome," he wrote, "but these matters affect your security, your work and your company. You are going to have to help solve them if this company is to be a prosperous one."

Staffers who took the *Times* up on its stock-option offer two years ago know only too well that prosperity is elusive. The stock they bought then for \$35.70, 15% under the market price, closed last week at \$16.25.

Dream Assignment

Washington has too many columnists, says Robert J. Donovan of the Los Angeles *Times*, who could be considered a Washington columnist of sorts himself. But there are not many like Donovan. No pundit, he specializes in writing around the news and stresses a new, people-oriented approach in interviews with the famous, the forgotten and the obscure. His low-key offbeat efforts do not aim for headlines, but the *Times* is now syndicating them to 200 papers in the U.S.

Actually Donovan does not consider himself a columnist at all in the conventional sense. "My stuff has no title, no regular schedule, no limitation of any kind—in length, subject or geography. There isn't even a budget. I'm totally free. I simply talk with people. When you read me, you're really reading them." What Donovan does, on the average of twice a week, is seek out

"somebody interesting, with something to say that is different and yet relevant—but not a hot news source who is about to go on *Meet the Press*." After a quarter-century of Washington service with the *Times* and the old New York *Herald Tribune*, Donovan, 59, does not lack for sources, and he has a sharp eye for the unusual.

Allen on Nixon. A tall, white-haired charmer, Donovan frequently goes to interviews without any prepared questions or topics, preferring to let his subjects chat away on things they really care about. Instead of prodding Dean Rusk about Viet Nam, he concentrated on

RAOUL GATCHEL



DONOVAN, COLUMNIST OF SORTS
Fishing a fresh-stocked lake.

the former Secretary of State's experiences with students at the University of Georgia—where he now teaches—and got a wry description of Rusk's generation-gap difficulties: "A dialogue between those who are beginning to forget and those who have no chance to remember." When President Nixon imposed wage and price controls, Donovan sought out Michael DiSalle for recollections on his days as director of price stabilization in the Truman era. Last week he zeroed in on Coach George Allen of the Washington Redskins, who led the Los Angeles Rams last year; he told Donovan's readers back home: "There's more enthusiasm for football here than in L.A." Said Allen of Football Fan Nixon: "He came back after being beaten twice. The determination to come back shows he is a competitor, and that is why he likes football."

Donovan's latest assignment is a reporter's dream, but it came only after a deep disappointment. Last year *Times* Publisher Otis Chandler induced Donovan to give up his post as Washington

bureau chief and come to Los Angeles, where everybody—including Donovan—assumed that he was being groomed to become editor of the paper. Instead, the *Times*'s top job went to Metropolitan Editor William F. Thomas, 47; as a consolation prize, Donovan got to write his own ticket. He chose to return to Washington.

"I was hypersensitive to the fear of coming back and messing up a bureau I'd put together," he says, "and I dreaded the idea of becoming just one more pundit. I had to find a niche, and I think I've latched on to an idea that's sustainable. This is a fresh-stocked lake."

Cousins Quits

Norman Cousins dropped the other shoe last week: after 31 years, he resigned as editor of the *Saturday Review*. When the magazine's new owners announced plans to turn the *Review* into a base for a cultural conglomerate (TIME, Nov. 22), Cousins guardedly said that he would "stay around as long as I feel I'm genuinely useful—and not one second longer." After only a brief period of indecision, he decided he could not remain with a *Review* that would no longer reflect his own high-minded, liberal mixture of reviews, trend reporting and commentary.

In a "final report to the readers" in the current *Review*, Cousins claims to have had a "companionable partnership" with John Veronis and Nicolas Charney, who acquired control of the magazine six months ago. But he emphasizes his "philosophical and professional disagreement" with their ambitious expansion plans: "I strongly object to the commercial use of the *Saturday Review* subscription list for purposes that have nothing to do with the magazine. I also object to the exploitation of the name of the *Saturday Review* for sundry marketing ventures."

Veronis, 43, is former senior vice president of Curtis Publishing Co., and Charney, 30, holds a psychology doctorate from the University of Chicago. Together, they merchandized *Psychology Today* into a profitable part of Communications/Research/Machines, which they founded in 1967. Last July they quit C/R/M, took over the *Review*, and started planning its transformation. Now that Cousins is gone, Charney becomes titular editor of the *Review*; he and Veronis will become co-editors in chief of the newly formed parent conglomerate, Saturday Review Industries. They are still seeking an executive editor to run the weekly and four planned monthly versions of the *Review*.

"I'm certainly not going to get into a period of protracted vegetation," Cousins told TIME's Roger Williams. "At the moment, I'm thinking very hard about communications as a carrier of ideas, especially with respect to peace and the entire question of world law. Whatever I do will be in that arena. It is the grand adventure of the '70s."



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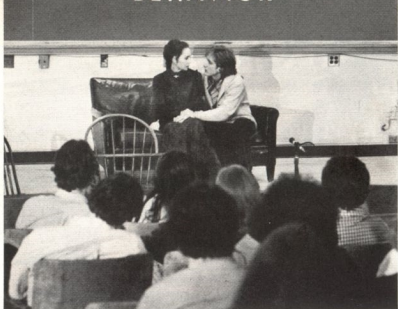


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BEHAVIOR



STUDENTS LEARNING PSYCHIATRY FROM DRAMA

The Writer's Insight

"Imaginative writers," Sigmund Freud once wrote, "are valuable colleagues; in the knowledge of the human heart, they are far ahead of its common folk." That view is accepted at Brown University in Providence, R.I. For the past three years, the university has been offering a unique course in psychiatry that uses the insights of gifted playwrights to teach premedical students about emotional disturbances they may some day encounter in their patients.

In alternate weeks, the course replaces conventional classes with professional performances of excerpts from such plays as O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. Before each 15- to 20-minute performance, the students are briefed by an English professor on the theme of the play and by a psychiatrist on psychological traits to be observed in the characters. Afterward students, faculty and the actors themselves take part in a two-hour discussion.

Defense Mechanisms. One recent session centered on Martha and George, the savagely quarrelsome couple in Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* "While watching the play," Psychiatrist George Vaillant told the audience, "imagine yourself an intern several years from now, George would enter the hospital yellow with jaundice and with cirrhosis of the liver, the results of his alcoholism. Martha would come in for her third operation for adhesions resulting from stab wounds." During the discussion, Vaillant prompted the students and actors with questions. What were George and Martha angry about? What defense mechanisms did they use to conceal their difficulties?

What would Martha look for in a doctor?

With Vaillant's guidance, the class tried to analyze Martha. She was in deep psychological trouble because, at 52, she was immersed in fantasy instead of reality. She was hurt and angry over the early loss of her mother and was still hoping, unrealistically, to find someone to replace her. Vaillant pointed out that she was also "still very involved with Daddy" and had never, in imagination, stopped "trying to give him a son." Martha, Vaillant warned, "is a good example of a character type you are going to come up with again and again among patients: hysterical, orally aggressive, exhibitionistic, egocentric, emotional and sexually provocative. Such people will want your attention, not simply a medical response."

As for George, the class concluded that he was a masochist who often tried to conceal his aggressiveness behind a façade of passivity. Explained Vaillant: "George presents himself as a martyr, but he manages to torture everybody. His indifference is provocative, and that's one of the ways you diagnose someone as what we call 'passive-aggressive' and not indifferent."

Emotionally Sick. Many of the pre-medical students at Brown are skeptical about the value of psychiatry. But they admit that the theatrical approach helps them recognize and remember patterns of disturbed behavior. As Vaillant sees it, drama offers "a sense of immediacy, a real encounter with the foibles, strengths, warpings and obscurities of human nature," and it lets students "experience emotions at very high pitch" without being frightened, as they often are when they see their first emotionally sick patients.

Postponing Adolescence

Today's children are reaching sexual maturity earlier than previous generations. Many parents are responding by condoning early dating, and some are even encouraging use of the Pill by girls barely into their teens. That kind of permissiveness can have unhappy consequences, according to Manhattan Psychoanalyst Peter Blos. In the current issue of *Daedalus*, he insists that youthful behavior need not follow biology, and that "a prolongation rather than an abbreviation of childhood" is imperative.

To Blos, the young adolescent is still a child psychologically, "regardless of the status of his primary and secondary sex characteristics." There is no way to hurry his emotional maturation; encouraged to grow up too fast, he may never really grow up at all. Premature sexual behavior can be especially damaging. The boy who shows a precocious preference for girls is often the one "whose maleness proves in later years shakily established," while the boy who prefers the company of boys during his early adolescence "tends to settle, later on, more firmly and lastingly in his masculine identity."

Blos even favors separation of the sexes in school for a while after puberty and disagrees with arguments that thwarting a youngster's new-found sexual drive will be harmful. By the time a child is sexually mature, Blos says, his personality is strong enough to tolerate and even profit from delay, repression and sublimation.

In general, Blos believes parents should set limits, affirm their personal values, deny the "clamor for grown-up status," and refuse to be intimidated by charges of authoritarianism. That is bound to cause family tensions, he says, but antagonism between parent and adolescent is normal and even necessary. Without conflict, Blos believes, there is no growth.



TEENS AT PLAY

A prolongation is imperative.

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MUSIC

Spaced-Out Tristan

Wagner has not fared well at the Metropolitan Opera during the 21-year regime of Rudolf Bing. No fault of Bing's: except for the shining example of Soprano Birgit Nilsson, most singers during that period barely coped with Wagner's long, heroic, leading roles. On the whole, it was left to stage directors and designers to make up in looks what was missing in sound, usually with limited success.

The latest to try, Director August Everding and Designer Günther Schneider-Siemssen, are no exception. Their new *Tristan und Isolde*, which opened at the Met last week, undoubtedly will provoke arguments for as long as the production runs. To some, it may be a bold realization of the poetry in Wagner's libretto. To others, it will seem more like the further adventures of Mary Poppins, German style.

Delicatessen Window. Everding has mounted one of those productions in which the actors don't act but the scenery does. Wagner's two lovers live in an emotional realm of their own, encountering calamity only when they have to reconcile ecstasy with reality. Everding has them floating off into their own dreamworld during passionate scenes, returning to earth when other people are around. In a starkly symbolic setting where nothing is real, it might have worked. But in this production, both world and dreamworld look equally realistic. Nothing fuses.

Tristan (Jess Thomas) and Isolde (Birgit Nilsson) down their love potion on the deck of a palpably realistic ship. Suddenly they are obscured by swirling

clouds, as if seen through a delicatessen window on a cold day. Later, in a dense, lushly tropical garden, they embrace, then shoot skyward in an elevator. They float among color-slide-projected stars, perch on the solid-looking edge of a planet examining a literal representation of the sun's corona, finally end their galactic tour by strolling across what seems to be an asteroid before ending up again in their dank garden.

Hallmark Aids. Throughout, Everding has succeeded in projecting the lovers' desire for eternal night and their equation of day with destructive reality. Tristan dies in a bleak courtyard as the sun burns harshly through a sea mist. But Isolde's *Liebtestod* brings on more aeronautics. Arms outstretched, she again appears in the firmament, looking for all the world like a "Peace on Earth" Christmas card.

Conductor Erich Leinsdorf, returning to the Met after a ten-year absence, leads a performance that surges excitingly, especially when Soprano Nilsson pours forth oceans of brilliant sound. Tenor Thomas does not give the world the Tristan that it has lacked since Lauritz Melchior retired in 1950. He looks romantic, but is overwhelmed by Wagner's demands. Still, thanks to Leinsdorf and the unique Nilsson, there are moments when one can forget that this new *Tristan* looks like an astronomy lecture with visual aids from Hallmark.

■ Robert T. Jones

Luciferian Legacy

He was the devil himself, or at least in league with him. He looked like Ichabod Crane done up as Mephistopheles, allegedly spent more time in illicit beds than in his own, was a fabulous showman and died, denying nothing, at 57. Not even Don Juan had such high-powered publicity—but then Don Juan couldn't play the fiddle.

Nicolò Paganini could. According to 19th century writers, Paganini was the greatest violinist who ever lived. His fingers were like steel snakes, his bow arm a saber that sawed through unheard-of technical difficulties. During one performance, swore a Viennese listener, old Lucifer himself appeared beside Paganini, guiding his fingers. His lustrous tone sounded uncannily like the human voice—and no wonder, declared some darkly, for Paganini made his own strings out of human intestines.

Such unearthly skill called for extraordinary compositions to serve as display pieces. Who better to write them than Paganini himself? He turned out a famous *Witches' Dance*, a series of caprices, sonatas, quartets, variations and five full-scale violin concertos. The pieces hardly challenged Beethoven's, but they were competently constructed crowd pleasers that bristled with the kind of technical bravura in which Pa-



NICOLÒ PAGANINI
He denied nothing.

ganini gloried—vertiginous runs and arpeggios, contrapuntal double and even triple stops, a fuller range than any violinist had ever attempted of harmonic overtones (the higher-pitched vibrations of given notes, produced by depressing the strings only slightly).

Jetting to Hell. When Paganini died in 1840, many of these compositions—including the third violin concerto—were tucked away in a bank vault in Milan under the care of the violinist's heirs. Other violinists have been trying to get at them ever since. By last year, all the concertos except the third had been released. It was still held by the Paganini family. Last Christmas, Philips Records, aided by Violinist Henryk Szeryng, finally obtained it after ten years of delicate negotiations.

Now, on a new Philips release, Szeryng and the London Symphony Orchestra under Alexander Gibson give the first performance of the third concerto since the last documented performance by Paganini 138 years ago. Jovial, pretty and full of technical traps, the Rossini-influenced work sends the solo violin scampering like the hero of some demonic *opéra bouffe*.

Szeryng brings it all off with dash and finesse, but without quite removing the suspicion that there must have seemed more to it when Paganini played it. "The work," he says, "makes me feel like I'm jetting from heaven to hell at incredible speed." It must be reported, however, that when he performed it in public recently at London's Royal Festival Hall, the devil did not appear beside him.



BIRGIT NILSSON & JESS THOMAS

SCIENCE

Resetting the Carbon Clock

Most archaeologists have looked upon the peoples of prehistoric Europe as no more than primitive barbarians. True, certain prehistoric monuments, like Britain's Stonehenge—whose great slabs are now thought to have formed a sophisticated solar observatory—did indicate a high order of culture. But such structures were usually ascribed to the influence, if not the actual workmanship, of skilled migrants from the much more civilized areas of the Near East. Now, in a surprising about-face, archaeologists are sharply questioning their old assumptions about the cultural inferiority of early Europeans. What has prompted this major reassessment is a change in archaeology's key dating tool: the so-called carbon 14 "nuclear clock."

Introduced by the American chemist

entists can calculate the age of ancient objects.

Archaeologists were delighted with the new technique, which brought Libby a Nobel Prize. By using it to date artifacts of questionable vintage, archaeologists found that it lent fresh support to one of their pet theories—that there was a gradual diffusion of culture from the advanced Near East to barbarian Europe. There were a few puzzling exceptions: Stone Age tombs in Brittany, for example, were found to date back to at least 3000 B.C. Yet the oldest comparable tombs in the eastern Mediterranean—built by the Minoans on Crete—were known indirectly from actual historical records to date from only 2500 B.C. But except for a few iconoclastic prehistorians like Britain's Colin Renfrew of Sheffield University, most archaeologists remained thoroughly con-

—California's bristlecone pine and sequoia trees, which have been growing for as long as 4,000 years. By carefully analyzing the carbon 14 content in the annual growth rings of the trees, they found that there have, in fact, been small but significant changes in the isotope's production over the centuries, apparently as a result of variations in the cosmic-ray bombardment.

Before the Pyramids. Working with hundreds of ancient wood samples, Geochimist Hans Suess of the University of California at San Diego recalibrated archaeological ages derived by carbon 14 dating in all parts of the world. His corrections did not affect the commonly accepted dates of Near East events and artifacts, which have been largely deduced from ancient calendars. But they did show that carbon-14-based European dates before 1500 B.C. must be adjusted by the addition of as many as 700 years.

Those adjustments have already stirred what Renfrew calls a major revolution in archaeological thinking. Britain's tombs, for example, are now acknowledged to have been built at least a millennium before the first stone tombs in the eastern Mediterranean and 1,500 years before the first pyramids. The revised carbon 14 dates have also shown that skilled coppermiths may have been at work in the Balkans and possibly prehistoric Spain even before the Greeks managed to master the metallurgical arts. "The cultural moral is inescapable," Renfrew recently wrote in *Scientific American*. "We have completely undervalued the originality and creativity of prehistoric Europe."

Nature's Way

If living things existed on other earth-like worlds, what shape would they take? Some scientists have speculated that they would look like nothing on earth. Biochemist Joseph Kraut of the University of California at San Diego suggests a different view. He proposes that life evolving on planets with environments similar to the earth's would quite likely resemble familiar terrestrial forms.

Kraut says that his speculations are merely "vaporings," but he supports them with some striking laboratory evidence. For the past 15 years he has headed a scientific team looking into the three-dimensional structure of enzymes, the long-chained proteins that act as catalysts in all the chemical reactions necessary for life. The group's latest interest has been an enzyme called subtilisin, which is found in ordinary soil bacteria. As they investigated subtilisin's complex structure, the scientists realized that it had a curious similarity to another enzyme, chymotrypsin, common to all vertebrates, including man. While the overall molecular architecture of the two enzymes is quite different, they both have three identical groups of amino acids that form what Kraut calls their "business ends." It is at these



PREHISTORIAN RENFREW WITH ARCHAEOLOGICAL EVIDENCE
The barbarians had unexpected skills.

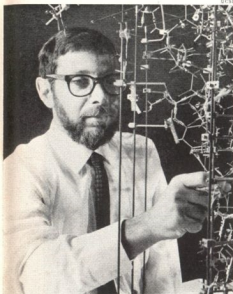
Willard Libby two decades ago, the clock depends on the decay of carbon 14, a radioactive isotope of ordinary carbon 12, which is nonradioactive and stable. Both forms of carbon are found in all living things, and their proportion remains constant during the life of the organism. New carbon of both forms is continuously added through normal metabolic processes. But when the organism dies and the intake of fresh material stops, this ratio of carbon 14 to carbon 12 begins to change. The amount of carbon 12 stays the same, but the unstable carbon 14 begins to disintegrate. The radioactive decay occurs at a regular and predictable rate, like the flow of sand through an hourglass. Thus by measuring the ratio of the carbon 14 to carbon 12 in a rafter, say, or in a bone, or in seeds found in a clay pot, sci-

enced "diffusionists." If a few prehistoric European monuments or artifacts happened to show unusual antiquity, they contended, it was the carbon 14 clocks that were in error, and not their well-entrenched ideas.

Now the debate is rapidly being resolved. When Libby first proposed carbon 14 dating in 1950, he assumed that the total world supply of the isotope was about the same as it had been in the past. Reason: carbon 14 is being produced continuously in the atmosphere as cosmic rays bombard the earth from deep space and leave a trail of atomic debris. But as the number of puzzling carbon 14 dates increased, scientists at the universities of Arizona, Pennsylvania and California began testing Libby's assumption by turning to some of the oldest living things on earth

spots that the chemicals involved in vital reactions are brought together.

Borrowing a phrase from classical biology, Kraut calls the discovery the first known instance of "convergent evolution" on the molecular scale. In other words, "nature has invented the same piece of molecular machinery to do a particular job in two separate and independent instances." Kraut speculates that this convergence in the evolution of the enzymes is more than a coincidence. The genetic code and the basic building blocks of life (amino acids and proteins) are already known to be



KRAUT WITH MODEL OF ENZYME
A fact of life.

universal, he says. Thus Kraut's discovery is further evidence of what may eventually be accepted as a scientific fact of life: given the same problem, nature will find the same solution.

Waterless Life

Could life evolve on planets unlike the earth—say on a completely waterless world? Experiments performed by Goesta Wollin and David B. Ericson of Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory suggest that it could indeed, although without water any organisms would probably be totally unrecognizable.

Wollin and Ericson mixed the molecules of gases recently detected in the far reaches of space—ammonia, methanol, formaldehyde and formic acid—in various combinations. Then, keeping the gases completely free of water, the scientists exposed them to ultraviolet radiation and found that they combined to produce small quantities of some of the amino acids essential to life. Says Wollin: "Perhaps liquid ammonia, with its physical and chemical properties so similar to water, could serve as a solvent medium for waterless life."

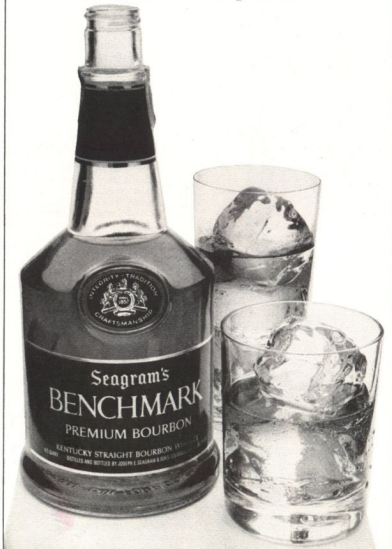
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RELIGION

The Krol Era

The president of the U.S. Catholic bishops conference is more than just the symbolic leader of America's 48 million Roman Catholics. In his three-year term the president has much to say about selecting members of the church's national bureaucracy and can influence the appointment of bishops. Moreover, his philosophical cast can determine what direction the church's national program takes. Thus, in Washington last week, there was far more than ceremonial significance in the U.S. bishops' vote to give the office to Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol, the American hierarchy's outstanding conservative.

A brilliant administrator and a man who speaks eleven languages, Krol (Polish for "king") is closely attuned to the attitudes of Pope Paul VI. He is fairly progressive on social principles but traditional on doctrine and church government. He has issued strong attacks on the arms race and unequal distribution of world wealth, but emphatically approved the endorsement of priestly celibacy at the recent world synod of bishops in Rome.

Even before his election last week, Krol probably had more influence in the Vatican than any other American bishop, outshining his predecessor in the U.S. presidency, Detroit's moderately progressive John Cardinal Dearden. At the Rome synod, Krol was the only bishop from North America elected to serve on the council that will prepare the next synod.

Big Bastion. The key to Krol's style is the big Archdiocese of Philadelphia, which is to the church what Mayor Daley's Chicago is to the Democratic Party: a bastion of strength and discipline in the midst of turmoil. Priestly dissent is rare. The huge parochial school system remains intact, with remarkably low tuitions (after Pennsylvania's grants to private schools were banned by the U.S. Supreme Court, the state legislature voted \$47 million a year in "voucher" aid to parents of private school pupils). This fall Krol capped a decade of construction costing \$120 million by opening a new downtown office building.

Krol's human relations commission is credited with notable progress on poverty and race relations. But the diocese has been unable to ordain a single black priest. A year ago, the local priests' council issued a 60-page booklet listing its past recommendations to the cardinal. He has followed some, but without making any direct response to the council. Many others he has ignored—including recommendations for such widely followed practices as a personnel board to give priests a say in parish placement and diocesan encouragement of parish advisory councils.

Though he rejects all labels, Krol sees himself as a middleman, true to Vat-

ican Council II in restraining "people who are trying to run away with so-called renewal." The son of Polish immigrants in Cleveland, he was a food-store manager, first became interested in the priesthood when he was troubled by his inability to defend the church against the barbs of a Protestant friend. Krol has spent most of his career in canon law classrooms and chancery offices. In a rapid climb of the priestly pyramid, he was ordained at the age of 26, became auxiliary bishop of the Cleveland diocese at 42 and Archbishop of Philadelphia at 50. Now 61, he is healthy and hard-



BISHOPS' PRESIDENT KROL
No running away with renewal.

working, yet enjoys relaxing in the sprawling Archdiocesan mansion.

At last week's meeting of U.S. bishops, Krol is believed to have opposed the bishops' historic decision to open the sessions to the press and a limited number of Catholic observers (the ballots were secret). Though he favors a degree of ecumenical interchange, he most likely joined the majority of bishops in rejecting the idea of wider pulpit exchanges with Protestants.

At a press conference after his election, Krol cited unity as a prime need of the U.S. Catholic church. But to the church's left-of-center elements, including many staffers at the bishops' headquarters in Washington, D.C., the question is whether a man of Krol's views can be a unifier. Already black Catholic activists are barely concealing their hostility toward him. Nevertheless, says Frank Bonnike, president of the National Federation of Priests' Councils: "The bishop-priest problem is so great in the church today that the need for solutions will override the man."

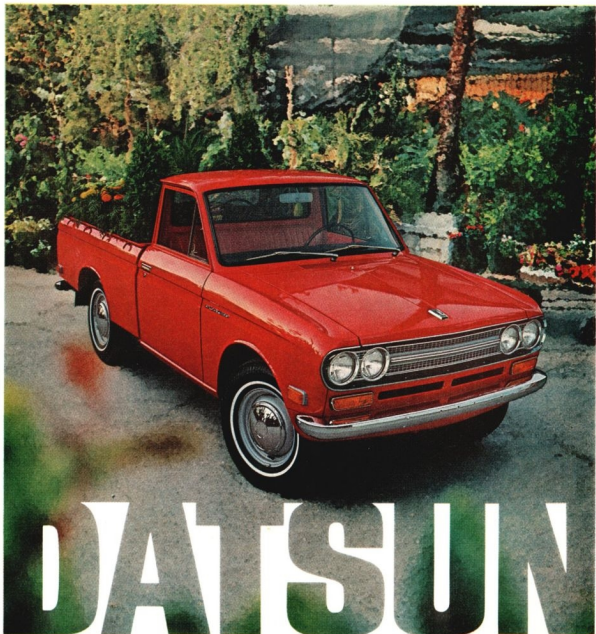
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SPORT

Mountain to Molehill

BE THERE WHEN THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO MUHAMMAD declared the billboards in Houston. The come-on was as flabby as the contenders, Muhammad Ali, the walking billboard, was so uninterested in his twelve-round bout with bulky (256 lbs.) Buster Mathis that he trained seriously only for nine days. Ali divested himself of a bit of doggerel ("I'll do to Buster what the Indians did to Custer"), but his heart was clearly not in it. Buster, whose last fight was a humbling loss to Jerry Quarry in 1969, was out to prove that "I'm no dog." As expected, when the Mountain finally came to Muhammad last week in the Houston Astrodome the result was a molehill of a fight.

Ali, who weighed in at 227 lbs., his heaviest ever, peppered away during the first ten rounds with his rat-at-tat-tat left jabs and a supposedly merciful "new" punch he calls the "linger on," a light chopping right designed to daze but not drop a lesser opponent. Mathis, surprisingly agile for a big man, suggested a pachyderm on *pointe*, dancing, dipping and doing no damage whatsoever. In the final two rounds, Ali decked Mathis four times—twice with punches that were little more than taps.

Ignoring cries from the crowd, Ali refused to finish off his defenseless opponent. "Yes, I deliberately held up," explained Muhammad, who won a unanimous decision. "I don't believe in killing a man just to satisfy a crowd."

Ali picked up \$300,000 for the light workout (Mathis' cut was \$60,000), which was designed as a promotional prelude to the expected multimillion-

dollar rematch with Champion Joe Frazier. Trouble is, Ali and Frazier so outclass the other contenders that in tuning up for their second "fight of the century" (Muhammad meets Germany's Jurgen Blin next month, Joe fights Texan Terry Daniels in January), they seem to be reviving the old bum-of-the-month club.

Woolf at the Door

Seven years ago Robert Woolf was an energetic young criminal lawyer working out of a cubbyhole office in Boston. Eager for business, he agreed to help Red Sox Pitcher Earl Wilson negotiate his baseball contract. A few fast deals later and Woolf suddenly realized: "Oh wow, this is an area that's been virtually untapped." Tapping away like a trip hammer ever since, he has become the most successful of the new and growing breed of sport lawyer-managers. He now has a stable of 200 pro basketball, baseball, football and hockey athletes. "I have to pinch myself," he says, "to believe a local attorney like me has a national business like this. It's unbelievable."

The golly-gee pitch is deceiving. To the team owners who must negotiate with him, he is the original Woolf at the door. Boston Celtics General Manager Red Auerbach, for one, swore that he would never meet with a sport lawyer—until Woolf appeared with nine of the twelve Celtic players as his clients. Now, after Woolf wangled deals like a \$500,000, three-year contract for Forward John Havlicek, Auerbach admits "Woolf has helped a lot of players."

Off-Field Activities. And scared a lot of owners. Two years ago, when the Red Sox traded Ken ("the Hawk") Harrelson, the American League's Player of the Year, to the Cleveland Indians, Woolf craftily advised the flamboyant outfielder to "retire," on the grounds that the move would jeopardize the Hawk's business interests in Boston. In a subsequent meeting with Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, Woolf worked out a "substantial compensation" for his client's supposed business losses. Harrelson promptly retired. "When we went to New York," Woolf proudly explains, "the sport world didn't understand the importance of a star's activities off the field. When we left, they knew contracts no longer stopped at the stadium gate."

For the eight lawyers on Woolf's staff, the wheeling and dealing never stops. Offering "complete representation," Woolf and his associates not only thrash out injury and waiver clauses but handle trades, drafts, taxes, bills, wills, movies, TV endorsements, investments, public appearances and even manners. When the Boston Bruins' Derek Sanderson won the National Hockey League's Rookie of the Year honors in 1968, Woolf schooled the then 21-



WOOLF (LEFT) & PLUNKETT
Amiable fees for services rendered.

year-old high-school dropout in the social graces, got him a TV talk show, won him a salary increase from \$14,000 to \$50,000 and had him dash off an astold-to autobiography, *I've Got To Be Me*. "An athlete finds glory only for a few years," says Woolf. "His body is his skill, and it can depreciate very fast. My job is to see that he gets what he's worth and learns how to manage what he gets."

Fat Girl Friends. Woolf acknowledges that "the athlete and the team are like a family—the team is not the enemy." But he can be smotheringly overprotective of his athletes. When the New England Patriots signed Quarterback Jim Plunkett, it was no accident that the Heisman Trophy winner ended up living in the basement of Woolf's suburban Boston home. Brandishing one of the dozen of requests for Plunkett's support, Woolf says, "Jim doesn't need to worry about this junk." Since Woolf screens his telephone calls, Plunkett also does not have to fret about girl friends calling to find out why he has not asked them for another date. Quips Woolf: "I just tell them Jim thinks they're too fat."

Friend, fan and father figure to his athletes, Woolf, 43, works out an "amiable" yearly fee with his protégés, depending on services rendered. These days, the services range from investment and tax advice to the hard-sell hustle of Derek Sanderson jigsaw puzzles and Jim Plunkett T shirts. Owner of a winter home in Florida, a limousine with telephones front and rear, Woolf earns more than the total income of the eleven New England Patriots he represents. "The athlete of today," he says, "has become what the movie star of yesterday was." If so, Bob Woolf is the Cecil B. DeMille of the locker room.



MATHIS & ALI
Peppering a pachyderm.

THE THEATER

From the Coloring Book

Twigs is the modest title of a modest play that is modestly amusing. Playwright George Furth, who wrote *Company's* fine book, is skit- and short-story-minded—not the stuff from which sturdy drama is made. He outlines his *Twigs'* characters like figures in a child's coloring book, and he proceeds to crayon them onstage without depth.

Three of the playlets revolve around sisters, and the fourth concerns their mother, with all of the roles being played by Sada Thompson. The action of each is set in a kitchen some time during the day before Thanksgiving. The holiday creates an opportunity for the women to reminisce and sum up their lives.



THOMPSON IN "TWIGS"
Twist and opportunity.

Sister No. 1 is a widow who has just moved, and cartons of appliances are pyramided on the floor. Who should pop in but the divorced head of the moving firm? Figure out what happens when the lonely twain meet.

Sister No. 2 is a never-was ex-starett whose career died on the cutting-room floor. Her husband and an old Army buddy sop up beer and run through the great sports exploits of the past three decades, but she tries to grab the spotlight by doing the dance that audiences never got to see. This is a wickedly funny parody of a typical '30s-'40s Hollywood dance number, and Thompson does it so perfectly that 2,000 palms thunderclap her.

Sister No. 3 and her husband have reached a silver wedding anniversary that obviously isn't polished. But if they've lost the magic, they've kept the mirth, at least until each begins quizzing the other about extramarital affairs. The mother of this trio is a salty old Irish Catholic biddy who has one

dying wish: that her Dutch common-law husband make an honest wife of her before a priest.

None of the O. Henryesque twists would stir an audience much if Sada Thompson was not a masterly actress. Some 42 years ago, she was born in Des Moines, Iowa, and her apprenticeship has included years of regional repertory work, doing lead parts in *The Three Sisters*, *Macbeth*, *The Rose Tattoo* and plays of like caliber. Two seasons ago she won an award as best off-Broadway actress of the year, playing the bitter, slatternly mother in *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*.

While she is ably supported by the rest of the cast and buoyantly directed by Michael Bennett, the co-director and choreographer of *Follies*, it is Sada Thompson who puts in shadings of voice and nuances of humor and emotion that salvage the script. Let us hope that Broadway is never so careless as to lose her.

■ T.E. Kalem

Is Memory a Cat or a Mouse?

When an army retreats, some will say that it is regrouping in an impregnable position. When the stock market plummets, some will say that it is testing a support level. When a playwright falls flat on his face, some will say that he is exploring a new frontier of drama. An agile use of the vocabulary of retrieval frequently snatches illusory success from palpable failure.

Harold Pinter has not fallen on his face in *Old Times*, but he has mistaken a dead end for a new road. Even more surprisingly, he has written a play that is a bit of a bore, though the bulk of the reviews have been favorable.* It is a three-character play. Deeley (Robert Shaw) and Kate (Mary Ure) are husband and wife. They await the visit of Anna (Rosemary Harris), Kate's friend and roommate of 20 years before. She appears, and the three begin a cat-and-mouse game with memory.

Delphic Questions. Several things are suggested; none is certain. Kate and Anna may have had a lesbian relationship. Deeley may once have known Anna beyond the voyeuristic intimacy of looking up her white thighs at a party. Did Deeley or Kate go with Anna to the film *Old Man Out*? Delphic questions—Delphic answers, scattered clues to nowhere except perhaps the murky recesses of the subconscious mind.

Unfortunately, one could scarcely care less about this flaccid trio. The blood of life does not pump through them. They are reveries and idle speculations posing as people. Dramatically,

* Including an approving notice of the London production by TIME's Christopher Porterfield (TIME, June 14).



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This week's
perfect martini
secret.

Always keep the gin
in the refrigerator.
The perfect martini gin, of course.

Seagram's.
The perfect martini gin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

the uses of the past are betrayed in *Old Times*. At the end of the play, nothing about the past has been clarified or illuminated. Nor has what Eliot called "the present moment of the past" been reclaimed. It is the reclamation of the past as present vision that accounts for the power and poignancy of such plays as *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *The Glass Menagerie* and *Death of a Salesman*.

Masked Anemia. It is very difficult to account for Pinter's writing such a lethargic play. Of all contemporary playwrights, he has taught us the most about the importance of imminence in the dramatic experience. Who will come, or break, through the door next? What devastating words will unexpectedly be uttered? That is what has made Pinter an edge-of-the-seat dramatist. Even when he was, as English Critic Alan Brien

BY FRIEDMAN—FRIEDMAN APPELES



HARRIS IN "OLD TIMES"
Clues and gaps.

once said, "a Hitchcock with the last reel missing," he still provided the electric Hitchcock tension. Beginning with the one-acters, *Landscape and Silence*, Pinter became enamored of static, ruminative monologues that belong more properly to the novel than to drama.

In *Old Times*, his famous pauses seem to be toothless gaps in the text. They indicate not minds and hearts too full for words, but too empty and too weary to go on. The actors mask the play's anemia beautifully. Rosemary Harris' Anna, in particular, is a remarkable achievement, with its Sapphic intricacies and paradoxically cool eroticism. Similarly, Peter Hall's direction is impeccable, and he has imbued the inaction of the evening with a rich golden stillness that the words themselves do not fully convey. The words, as always in Pinter, are rationed, unadorned and precise. They are also a trifle plaintive and petulant, as if Pinter were suffering a teary bout of middle-aged *tristesse*.

■ T.E.K.



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We've made it tough on you, in a nice sort of way. First we introduced our fabulous Blue Diamond French Fried Salted Almonds. Then we invented Smokehouse® (the same hickory-smoked flavored almonds served on the airlines). Our next three triumphs came quickly: Cheese Flavor (great with a cocktail); Barbecue (best with beer); and Garlic Onion. Selecting your favorite flavor may be excruciatingly difficult. —But there's one way to preserve your sanity. Buy all five and have a party! California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, CA 95808.

MODERN LIVING

Big Business

Size 52 hot pants? It sounds improbable, but a cheerful 300-pounder named Nancy Austin not only wears them but markets them. She is drawing customers from all over the U.S. for custom-designed fat-lady clothes. Until she began selling her bright, fashionable originals at a small shop in Las Vegas, clothes for chubby women were mostly dismal, shapeless outfits intended primarily for camouflage. Nancy has other ideas. Her shop, which opened in May 1970 on a skinny \$5,000 investment, is now grossing nearly \$100,000 a year.

Sales figures like that are produced, in part at least, by avoiding the use of words like fat. Nancy calls her customers "queen-size ladies" and is equally tactful about sizes. "Most stores call you small, medium, large or extra large," she says, "but in our shop you're Petite (size 16 to 20), Coquette (size 22 to 26) or Mademoiselle (26 to 32)." Anything larger ranks in the Duchess class. Nancy herself is in the Mademoiselle bracket, and she has ordained that all her models and sales personnel must be at least a size 16. "We never show our clothes on skinny models," she says. "If the models are a size 10 or 12, how am I to know how it will look on me?"

Some of Nancy's styles do not undergo annual changes. "When I find a good basic idea," she says, "we stick with it, just changing the sleeves, collars and accents." One popular outfit is her polyester knit Nancy Pants, and an-

other style is the Tom Jones blouse, which has a full sleeve with a wide, snug cuff. She makes gold lamé pantsuits, gaucho pants, knickers and patio dresses, and refuses to rule out any particular style for her customers—except for "anything tight" and numbers with buttons all the way down the front (they may gap and pull open). Nancy Austin believes that her clothes make fat women feel happier. Perhaps so, but the effect is usually grotesque, suggesting that, on the whole, dieting would be a better solution.

Nancy's dress-designing career began at the age of twelve, when she whipped together a bright fuchsia number that did wonders for her superpudgy figure. The daughter of F. Byrne Austin, who was executive director of the War Claims Commission under Harry Truman, she put together her own gown for the Truman inaugural ball, caught the eye of Washington hostesses and began to design clothes for them.

She also went into show business and made something of a hit as a comedienne in Las Vegas, but henceforth fashion may come first. Last April, in fact, she was named Nevada's Small Businessman of the Year.

Raising the Dead

As the world's population rises, so does the number of deaths. As a result, the urban overcrowding that increasingly afflicts the living is having a similar effect upon the dead. Cemeteries are running out of room, and in no city is the problem more acute than in bustling Rio de Janeiro. Rio's 4.5 million are jammed into a narrow strip that runs between mountains and the sea, and the southern half of the city has already run out of space for the dead. The nearest suitable new location is about 30 miles away. Each burial in the southern area's single cemetery entails the shifting of corpses buried earlier—and the cost of a plot has soared to \$5,000. Nearby residents are complaining about ugly and pervasive odors; in mid-November, a state legislator seriously proposed that all corpses henceforth be perfumed.

To solve this problem, a bright Brazilian architect has designed a 39-story, \$14.5 million skyscraper cemetery, which will be privately financed and under construction by January.



SILVA E SOUZA & SKYSCRAPER CEMETERY

Everything but sambas.

It will offer 21,000 tombs, each of which will have two separate shelves for bodies and five ossuaries (which will hold solid remains after bodies decompose). Thus, says the architect, "up to seven in a family are assured of being together." Eventual capacity of the building will be 147,000.

Beds for Grief. On the roof of the vertical mortuary will be a heliport, so that bodies can be flown in quickly from outlying areas. There will be an eight-story garage for visitors, two churches and 21 chapels. Each of the latter has a bed for grieving friends and relatives. Explains Architect Dylardo Silva e Souza: "Who wants to spend the night in the kind of cemetery we have now?" Another feature: soothing but somber background music, 24 hours a day. "We can't play sambas in a place like this," says Silva e Souza.

Each *carneiro* (tomb) in Rio's edifice will sell for \$1,800, but tenancy is guaranteed in perpetuity. To comply with Rio law, 10% of the tombs will be rented at \$80 for five years to those who can't afford to buy. Another 5%—all on the top floor amid the ventilating machinery—will go free to the poor. Silva e Souza himself hasn't yet purchased his own *carneiro*. "I'm kind of hoping," he says wistfully, "that they'll give me one free."

All this should put Rio far ahead of Nashville, Tenn., where a three-story vertical mausoleum with a capacity of 9,000 bodies is slowly rising at Woodlawn Memorial Park. "We're just coming out of the ground with the second story now," reports Owner H. Raymond Ligon, "and if sales continue to go as well as at present, we'll keep on building."



DESIGNER AUSTIN IN HOT PANTS
Never on skinny models.

Avis gives you a bigger little car.

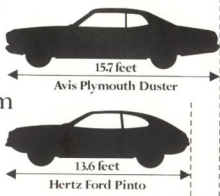
The Plymouth Duster you get from Avis is more than two feet longer than the Pinto you get from Hertz. It's wider, too, with more room inside for you and your luggage.

A new Plymouth Duster or a Dodge Demon from Avis costs only \$7 a day and 11¢ a mile provided you return the car to wherever you picked it up. And you only pay for the gas you use.

Better than one out of every ten of our cars are 1972 Dusters and Demons and they're available at most Avis offices in the continental United States. So your chances of getting one are pretty good, even though they're on a first-come, first-served basis with no reservations accepted. (Sorry, we can't make this offer in certain locations or on weekends in metropolitan New York, and there are no discounts.)

Avis gives you a bigger little car. Pretty big of us.

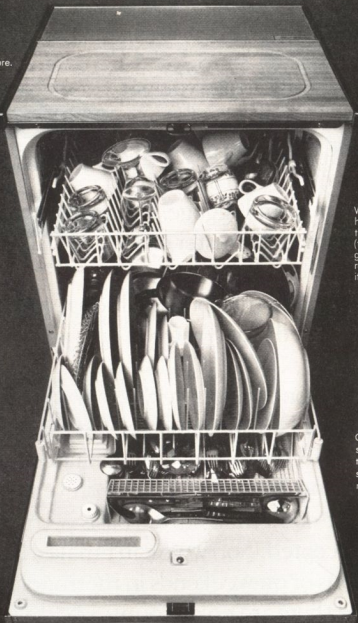
Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.



Show this ad to someone you know who owns a dishwasher. Just see what she says.

The top of this dishwasher
is more than just a top. Much more.
It's a food warmer (rear half).
And a cutting board (front half).

You can load the dishes
in a Whirlpool dishwasher
just about any way you want,
because we have two
full-size spray arms.
And, thanks to our
self-cleaning filter, you don't
have to pre-rinse them either
(just dump the bulky items
out and shove the dishes in).



Model No. DW57000

Whirlpool dishwashers
have adjustable upper racks
that can be lowered
(to accommodate tall beer
glasses, for example) or
raised (so you can put large
items on the bottom rack).

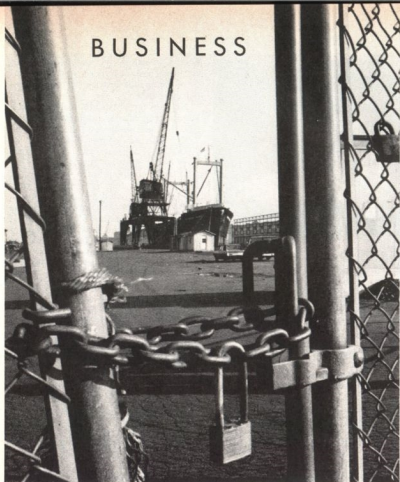
Our dishwasher also has
silverware and cutlery baskets
that lift out of the door,
so you can load them
right at the table.

All features (except food warmer and cutting board, of course) are available in under-the-counter models as well.

 **Whirlpool**
CORPORATION

Washers, dryers, refrigerators, dishwashers,
air conditioners and other home appliances.

BUSINESS



FREIGHTER STRANDED IN PHILADELPHIA

The Dock Strike Mess

WHILE President Nixon's New Economic Policy aims to bolster the U.S. trade balance, much of the nation's commerce with the world remains in the Limbo Phase, stalled by a devastating dock strike. First the West Coast was shuttered by a walkout in July; it ended at least temporarily when Nixon invoked the Taft-Hartley Act's 80-day cooling-off period Oct. 6, but many ports are still clogged with backed-up vessels. Then, in October, some East and Gulf Coast dock workers walked out. Last week that stoppage spread to all but seven fairly small ports in the South, stranding some 200 ships. As the shut-downs drag on and fan out, the enormous number of businessmen who rely on shipping is increasingly hurt.

About \$3,000,000 worth of West German and Japanese Christmas toys were tied up in Philadelphia, where the port was closed last week after a temporary injunction barring the strike had expired. Other shipments were stalled in New Orleans. The Crescent City's Grunewald Music Co., a dealer for Yamaha pianos, was forced to lend a piano to the local Playboy Club when a new one was stranded on a ship. Because of the growing trend toward using foreign-built components in U.S. products, the strike

is bound to have a large effect on some major American manufacturers. For example, tractor parts produced by International Harvester's British subsidiary, used in the making of products in Illinois, have been halted on the East Coast.

The nation's farmers, who look increasingly to foreign markets to absorb U.S. abundance, are hard hit. A bumper soybean crop in Alabama spilled out of all available storage elevators and was kept temporarily on barges. While dock workers ignored a state court's back-to-work order, one group of farmers threatened to load the crop onto ships themselves. Barges carrying the Midwest's feed-grain harvest to port were backed up at a score of wharves along the Mississippi River and the sight of corn piled high on the ground has become common. Illinois farmers have already lost some \$15 million in unrecoverable sales.

Freeze Peril. Deprived of cargo from the liners' holds, railroads, truckers and import-export dealers have lost millions of dollars. Shipowners, who were already suffering from a worldwide decline in orders (TIME, Aug. 9), found themselves idler than ever. New York Shipping Broker Theofilos Vatis estimates that North Atlantic freight rates

for grain have fallen 20% in the past few weeks.

The primary issue in the East and Gulf Coast strikes remains wages. It has been enormously complicated by a dispute over a New York provision for a guaranteed annual wage and by leadership tensions within the International Longshoremen's Association. Union President Thomas W. Gleason met with shipowners in Miami last week. No significant progress was reported, but President Nixon evidently remained reluctant to invoke Taft-Hartley on the East and Gulf coasts, preferring to give the disputants more time to work it out for themselves. Meanwhile, shippers who tried to avoid the dock mess in the U.S. by diverting their vessels to Canadian ports along the St. Lawrence face another peril. Winter weather will probably choke the seaway with ice in mid-December, stranding for three months any ships that have not made it out to open water.

AUTO SAFETY

Small Size, Big Risk

It is hardly a new thought that a small car will crumple more easily in a crash than a big auto, but just how much does the safety risk grow as cars shrink? To find out, the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, a research group financed by auto insurers, ran a series of head-on test crashes at 40 to 50 m.p.h. Each collision pitted a small car against a larger model produced by the same U.S. manufacturer: a Chevrolet Vega against an Impala, a Ford Pinto against a Galaxie, a Dodge Colt against a Plymouth Fury, an American Motors Gremlin against an Ambassador.

Films of those tests were shown at a Washington press conference last week by Institute President William Haddon Jr., former director of the National Highway Safety program. They might badly shake many buyers of small new cars, which now account for one-third of sales. In some crashes, the small car was smashed into a pile of twisted junk barely recognizable as an auto, while the bigger car sustained relatively moderate damage. In the Chevrolet crash, a dummy placed in the Impala only struck its head against the dashboard, but the dummy in the Vega was beheaded by a section of the hood that was hurled back through the windshield.

In Detroit, automakers do not dispute the test results but theorize that small-car buyers are aware of the safety risk. Haddon doubts that. For example, he cites a Transportation Department-sponsored study of accidents involving 420,000 cars in New York State in 1968 that few auto buyers know exists. That study found that 3.1% of the people involved in crashes of big cars weighing an average of 4,800 lbs. were killed or seriously injured. But the rate of death or serious injury rose to 4% in intermediate cars averaging 3,700 lbs., to 6.4% in domestic



PINTO & GALAXIE IN HEAD-ON TEST CRASH
Do the drivers realize the hazard?

compact cars averaging 2,800 lbs. and to 9.6% in foreign compacts averaging 1,900 lbs.* Haddon predicts that insurance companies will carefully consider higher charges for policies on small cars and their riders, in order to reflect the greater safety hazard.

PROMOTERS

Fast-Buck Gospel

*I don't drink, smoke or play around.
I'm just about perfect.*

—Glenn W. Turner,
in a speech to prospective customers

Flamboyant and tireless, Glenn W. Turner is to salesmanship what Billy Sunday was to revivalism. Now 37, he has built a tiny door-to-door cosmetics firm into a multimillion-dollar empire by stirring life's losers with a bewitching fast-buck gospel. "All we're doing is showing people how they can make something of themselves," says Turner, a sharecropper's son who favors neon-bright suits, ivory-colored boots made of skin from unborn calves, and a rhinestone American-flag lapel pin the size of a calling card. Turner's activities have also stirred investigations: attorneys general and other authorities in 30 states have started legal actions against him or his companies. The Iowa Supreme Court two weeks ago barred his major company from selling franchises in the state and condemned all such pyramid sales schemes as "a cancerous vice against which the public should be protected."

Moxie and Mink Oil. Only five years ago, Turner gave up selling sewing machines to poor Southern rural blacks and became a distributor for a small cosmetics concern, but he soon wound up broke. He then got a \$5,000 bank loan and started his own cosmetics firm, Koscot Interplanetary Inc., in Orlando, Fla. Even before he had a product, Turner had a small staff out recruiting distributors, who were asked to advance up to \$5,000 to get in on the ground floor of a great proposition. Amazingly,

the recruiters found people willing to pay. The money began to flow in, and Turner was on his way. He contracted with Kolmar Laboratories in Port Jervis, N.Y., to turn out the Koscot product line, which now consists of 104 items ranging from nail-polish remover (\$1.25 a bottle) to mink-oil concentrate, used as a skin softener, which is priced at \$10 for a two-ounce bottle.

Using Koscot's rapidly spiraling income, Turner went on to found such companies as Fashcot, which sells wigs, Emcot, which makes pink and yellow colored fur coats, and Transcot, a trucking firm. One of his companies sells a success-motivation course called "Dare to Be Great," which consists of a recorder with cassettes and a notebook crammed with such power-releasing hints as "Develop a Positive Mental Attitude" and "Remember Everybody's Name." Complaints about the course, which costs up to \$5,000 to complete, have brought legal actions in eight states. In Davidson County, Tenn., five "Dare to Be Great" salesmen were arrested for violating a law against pyramid selling. Since Turner is sole owner of his companies, he does not have to report his total sales volume, but with his usual extravagance, he estimates it as running into hundreds of millions of dollars.

Sales Blitz. The foundation of Turner's empire remains Koscot, and the key to its growth is the "multilevel distributorship." Koscot sells "distributorships" for up to \$5,000. Distributors get a 65% discount on the list price of the products and generally distribute them through supervisors, or subdistributors, who get a 55% discount. Women called "beauty advisers" are hired to hawk the products door to door. Anybody who buys such a distributorship can also collect \$1,950 for each friend or relative he recruits to buy another \$5,000 distributorship—or \$500 for each person he brings in to buy a \$2,000 supervisorship. Thus, almost everyone tries to sell distributorships and supervisorships instead of cosmetics. Those signing up after the first sales blitz in any area often find it impossible to earn their money back. In desperation, distributors have been

known to exaggerate their earnings to prospects and try to back up their claims by plunging into debt for big cars and expensive clothes.

No sales territories are assigned, and a Koscot franchise is anything but exclusive. In some instances, "there could be 1,000 distributorships in a town of 7,000," says a spokesman for the Council of Better Business Bureaus, which has a fat file of complaints against Koscot. A few years ago, the New York attorney general's office noted that only 79 of the 1,604 distributors and supervisors in the state earned more than \$5,000 a year. If all the people in the New York program were to earn the \$100,000 that Koscot representatives say they could, at least 150 million distributorships would have to be created in two years—eight distributorships for every man, woman and child in the state.

Fat Checks and Twin Midgets. The catalyst for turning prospective investors into true believers is the "Golden Opportunity Meeting." Held in local halls around the country, these rousing sessions, led by flashily dressed men waving fat checks, raise tantalizing visions of big money and easy living for the frequently gullible audience. Often Turner himself will appear, accompanied by twin midgets who serve as his good-will ambassadors. Sometimes balancing himself on two chairs, Turner spellbinds his listeners by recounting how he succeeded despite his harelip, his eighth-grade education and his early poverty.

For those not willing to sign a check on the spot, Koscot recruiters have a maximum prod: a free flight to company headquarters in one of Turner's

CHARLES MOORE—LIFE



TURNER GIVING SALES SPIEL
Bewitching life's losers.

* Compact U.S. cars like the Vega, Pinto and Colt in Haddon's test crashes generally weigh from 2,015 lbs. to 2,500 lbs.

Finally...
First Class Flavor in a
Filter King



New PALL MALL Filter King.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



OIL PIPE RUSTING IN SNOW AT PRUDHOE BAY
Only two rigs rumble in the icy darkness.

nine planes. On arrival they are fed, feted and shown a film of Turner's life story punctuated with shots of tropical beaches and expensive cars. After all that, there are few holdouts.

In the absence of any statute against multilevel distributorships in most states, attorneys general have had to base their actions against Turner on infractions of the Fair Trade laws, franchise legislation or consumer-protection regulations—with some success. Beyond Iowa's action against Koscot, company officials have been fined and forced to make restitution to distributors in many other states. Koscot still has cases in abeyance or on appeal in New York, Florida, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, New Jersey, Connecticut and Wisconsin. Turner, who has hired Attorney F. Lee Bailey, has reached a truce with some states by agreeing to set a quota on the number of distributorships and emphasize selling products instead of recruiting.

For all his hucksterism, Turner seems to have a genuine sympathy for the handicapped. He has donated \$1,000,000 to a retarded children's center in his native South Carolina, and is a leading employer of the handicapped in Florida. As to the legal forces arrayed against him, Turner is unmoved. Says he: "Nothing can stop me now. I'm too strong." His present plans range between exploring the possibilities of orange-flavored mouthwash and a line of cosmetics for homely dogs.

ALASKA

Dealing with a Northern Sheik

Scarcely two years ago, at the height of the excitement over the huge oil strike on Alaska's North Slope, as many as 2,000 men swarmed around two dozen drilling rigs, preparing to tap the largest known oil reservoir in North America. This week, as the sun drops out of the northern sky, not to rise again for almost two months, fewer than 200 men are left, and only two rigs are rumbling in the icy darkness.

At Prudhoe Bay alone, almost 165 miles of 48-in. pipe lay stacked in seemingly endless rows of 60-ft. sections. The pipe is supposed to be used for construc-

tion of the 789-mile trans-Alaska pipeline by the Alyeska Pipeline Service Co., which was formed last year by seven oil companies. But the project remains mired in environmental controversy. Even if permission to build the pipeline is granted by the Department of the Interior within the next several months, as appears likely, the project stands to be delayed. A series of court injunctions won by such diverse groups as the Wilderness Society, Alaskan Eskimos and local fishermen could put off completion of the line until at least 1975.

More Credibility. Faced with waiting another four or five years before the state government can begin to receive oil royalties and taxes, Alaska's Democratic Governor William Egan recently made a startling proposal: that the state of Alaska should build and own the pipeline itself by raising the necessary \$1.7 billion through the sale of bonds. Egan told TIME Correspondent Karsten Prager last week: "I simply don't see how we can consider such a huge movement of the people's oil through Alaska without making sure that the profits that arise from the transport go to the people."

In Egan's view, a state-owned pipeline system would enable Alaska to earn an additional \$100 million a year, and might even make the whole idea of a pipeline more acceptable to environmentalists. "It could well be," he said, "that the state has more credibility with the groups that oppose the pipeline."

No state government has ever proposed to run such a project before, and a few of the stunned oilmen reacted as if they were dealing with the pressure tactics of a Middle Eastern sheik. A Humble Oil Co. spokesman charged that Egan's proposal was "particularly disturbing because it contradicts the basis of our competitive enterprise system," and the chairman of Sohio, Charles Spahr, warned that the plan had "cast a dark cloud over the future of private enterprise in Alaska." Last week, after meeting with Governor Egan in Juneau, top executives of the seven companies that own Alyeska agreed to provide the state with technical and engineering information about the pipeline—perhaps because they figured that the

complexity of the problems could change the Governor's mind. They may also have reasoned that under a state-owned system, the state would still have to hire a private firm to build and operate the line. For his part, Egan said that he hoped to decide by year's end whether to press for state ownership; he will make up his mind soon after the results of a far-reaching state study of the ownership proposal reach his desk.

CORPORATIONS

American Flits Ahead

For American Motors Corp., November has often been the cruellest month. That is when the company issues its generally depressing annual earnings report. Last week the usual autumnal gloom was replaced by a bright, if fragile, sense of victory. The company reported earnings of \$10.2 million on sales of \$1.2 billion for the fiscal year ending in September, compared with a loss of \$56 million on a volume of \$1.1 billion last year. American's profit potential was also sweetened when the Price Commission approved a 2.5% price increase for its newest models.

Part of the reason for American's turn-around is the cost-cutting drive of chairman Roy D. Chapin Jr. Major savings resulted from his decision to forgo styling and engineering changes in 1972 models. Six of the company's lower-priced 1971 models were dropped, a move that pares its present line to a more profitable 15 models. As a result, American's operating budget has remained at its 1969 level, while sales have risen 50% since then.

Helpful Competitors. Sales were spurred by a buyer protection plan that the company introduced three months ago, covering all 1972 passenger cars for up to one year or 12,000 miles. American will have its dealers repair any factory defect at no cost to the owner. American also attracted buyers by refunding the federal excise tax, even though Congress has not yet repealed the levy. To get into the rapidly expanding recreation market, American two years ago bought Jeep Corp.; Jeep sales in the U.S. in fiscal 1971

**"On Long Distance calling, I play the percentages.
I've learned I'm ahead when I dial direct
rather than call person-to-person, even if the
odds are only 50-50 that my party will be there."**

Burns W. Roper, The Roper Organization, Inc., marketing research, New York



For years, many businessmen have figured they save money when they place their out-of-state Long Distance calls person-to-person through the operator.

But today's dial-it-yourself rates have changed all that.

For example, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday, a three-minute, coast-to-coast call placed person-to-person costs \$3.55 plus tax.

If you dial the call yourself, station-to-station, without operator assistance, the cost is just \$1.35 plus tax.

You save \$2.20 on that one call!

That's why businessmen like Burns Roper are dialing their own interstate Long Distance calls whenever they can.

It's good business.



Dial-direct rates do not apply to coin, credit-card, collect, person-to-person, and hotel-guest calls, or to calls charged to another number.

Great with candlelight



...but then
it makes any
occasion great.

Great Western

Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, N.Y. 14846

increased by 6,573 units to 37,124.

Oddly enough, American has been substantially helped in its struggle by its giant competitors, notably General Motors and Chrysler, who fear that the smaller company's demise would bring swift Government antitrust action. American, which has been losing dealers, now sells its models through 311 G.M. outlets, and the General Motors Acceptance Corp. helps American dealers with their inventory financing. Under a special dispensation from the Justice Department, American also shares G.M.'s antipollution technology.

Dealer Dropouts. But American is a long way from shaking off its problems. Unit sales from January through October amounted to 211,432, or 3,272 below the same period last year, and its share of the market went from 3.4% to 3%. During the price freeze, when car sales in the U.S. posted a record, purchases of Ambassadors, Hornets and Javelins fell below 1970 levels. On the other hand, in the first ten months of 1971 Gremlin's sales doubled, and the medium-sized Matador is a strong seller. To improve its sales, American must strengthen its dealerships. So far this year 262 dealers have dropped out, reducing American's network to 2,031 showrooms. American's biggest handicap is styling problems. *Consumer Reports* noted that, among the new subcompact cars, the Gremlin "has the tightest rear seat, rear wheel traction is poor, and [the car] is relatively clumsy to handle."

Still, Chapin is convinced that he can steer American out of its troubles. For the moment, he seems to be making progress.

INVESTMENT

Wrong Kind of Allure

Glamour stocks usually command premium prices—and Playboy Enterprises could be described as bulging with glamour. Apparently it is not quite the right kind of allure for Wall Street. Since 1.1 million shares in the magazine and key-club empire were offered to the public earlier this month, the price has dropped from \$23.50 to \$15.63. Playboy Pandjrum Hugh Hefner's shares, worth \$158 million at the offering price, have fallen about \$53 million in value in a little more than two weeks.

The story is an old one on Wall Street: the stock came out in a weak market, and was bought at the outset largely by speculators who lusted after a quick profit and sold speedily when it did not materialize. Shareholders who have held on are in for a different kind of disappointment. They had been promised stock certificates decorated with the bare-bosomed centerfold photo of Willy Rey, last February's Playmate of the Month, but Playboy officials have sent the prototype certificate back to the engravers for some retouching to make it less revealing. They are worried that the straitlaced New York Stock Exchange would object.

AIRLINES

Goodbye to Prohibition

Because the airlines need every possible cent of profit during their current cash squeeze, and because the two-drink limit on domestic flights was hard to enforce, that prohibition has been quietly dropped. Now an air traveler can order as many drinks as he wants, within reason. On each \$1.50 drink of roughly 1 1/2 oz., the lines make about \$1 in profit.

Pan Am Picks a Copilot

The airline industry has been swept by a jetstream of rumors for weeks that the Pan American World Airways board was locked in a bitter intramural fight over the company's top management. The 23-member board had even scheduled one meeting and then postponed it, ostensibly because not enough directors could attend. Thus, when newsmen learned that the directors had finally gone into session last week, ten of them rushed to Manhattan's 59-story Pan American Building. They were



NEW PRESIDENT SEAWELL
From West Point to Harvard.

directed to a conference room two floors above the board room and kept away from the 3 1/2-hour meeting by uniformed guards. Finally, they heard a prepared statement from a Pan Am vice president who declined to answer any questions.

The board named as Pan Am's new president William T. Seawell, the chief of Rolls-Royce's U.S. subsidiary and a former senior vice president of American Airlines. He will take over many of Pan Am's day-to-day operations from Chairman Najeeb Halaby, but Halaby retains the title of chief executive. Thus, at least temporarily, "Jeeb" Halaby won a double victory over a board faction that reportedly had lost faith in his abil-

Men
helping
Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

*If that were
just a slogan,
the next two pages
would be blank*

Before a company signs its advertising with "Men helping Man," that company had better be trying to do something about problems like pollution... crime... transportation... heart disease... the energy crisis. That company had better be trying to do something about

some of the biggest problems facing the country and its cities today.

General Electric is.

In fact, General Electric is probably working in more of these problem areas than any other company.

The reason for this is the unique scope of GE technology. Over 18,000 scientists and engineers are probing deeply into hundreds of different fields, many of which GE pioneered.

On the following two pages are

some of the things GE people have been working on. None represents a total answer to the country's problems, of course.

But we think you'll agree they're clear examples of "Men helping Man."

With GE's help
there's at least
one lake still pure
enough to drink.



Lake Tahoe has been called the most beautiful lake in the world.

To keep it that way, the people who live there wanted one of the most advanced and effective sewage treatment systems in the world.

With General Electric's help, they now have it on the lake's south shore.

Water from the system, like the lake itself, is pure enough to drink. But, even so, it's pumped over an 8,000-foot mountain pass into a reservoir for swimming and fishing.

The people of Tahoe want only pure mountain streams flowing into the lake.

General Electric motors, controls, meters and GE service people help keep the whole sewage-treatment system working.

GE also has a new idea for purifying water. A new membrane, developed through GE research, may lead to a home filtering unit that will keep viruses and bacteria out of your drinking water.

People can live
without street lights.
Sometimes.



Where new streetlights have gone up, the crime and accident rate has gone down.

In cities like Detroit, New York, Indianapolis and Hartford, new street-lighting systems from General Electric have helped cut night crime in lighted areas by better than 50%.

Across the country, many new systems use GE's Lucalox® lamps. The most efficient source of white light ever invented. Lucalox puts out twice as much light as the best mercury systems... on no more electricity.

Streetlights are only one way GE is helping fight crime and accidents.

High-speed saws—with a cutting edge of General Electric Man-Made™ diamonds—are being used to cut narrow, parallel grooves into roads at hazardous curves.

The grooves give cars a firmer grip in wet weather. And cut accidents by as much as 85%.

We helped make
the working day
an hour shorter
in Philadelphia.



For many Philadelphia commuters, the eight-hour day doesn't seem as long as it used to. Because they now save up to an hour in travel time every day.

They ride the country's first automated rapid-transit system.

It's the new Port Authority line between downtown and the New Jersey suburbs.

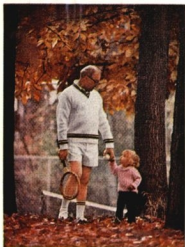
General Electric motors move the trains along at up to 75 miles an hour. GE automatic controls keep them running 2 minutes apart during rush hour.

The full round trip is a good hour faster than the driving time. And a good deal more relaxing.

GE is working in other ways to help people travel.

For the future, General Electric is continuing its research into a practical battery to power a broad range of electric vehicles for transportation.

"I died
three years before
she was born."



"Before I passed out, I remember thinking, 'This is what it's like to die.'"

Five years ago, before his granddaughter was born, Bernie Wallach had what might have been a fatal heart attack.

But he was lucky enough to be near a hospital with General Electric coronary-monitoring equipment.

The equipment gave doctors an instant electronic reading of Bernie's condition. Later, it kept watch over every beat of his heart for signs of another attack.

GE coronary-monitoring equipment improves a heart patient's chance of survival by about 30%. And people like Bernie Wallach are alive today because of it.

It's only one way GE helps medical science fight heart disease. Another is a GE artificial lung just introduced which greatly increases the time doctors have for open-heart surgery.

A match puts
more smoke in
the air than a
nuclear power plant.



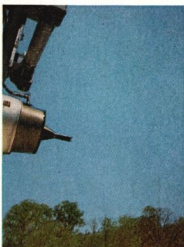
Nuclear power plants don't burn anything to make electricity. And where there's no fire, there's no smoke.

That's why so many people concerned about the environment now favor nuclear power. It's just about the cleanest way there is to make electricity.

Safety has always been the first consideration in building nuclear power plants. Take radiation, for example. A typical plant adds an average of less than 5 millirems/year of radiation to the natural radiation of its site. That's less in a year than the extra radiation you'd receive on one round-trip cross-country jet flight.

Fourteen years ago, GE built the first nuclear power plant ever licensed. Today, GE is helping develop a "breeder reactor." A breeder makes more fuel than it uses. In the next 20 years, breeders should begin making the job of meeting the country's demand for electricity easier.

This is a picture
of the exhaust from
our new jet engine.



This is an unretouched picture of our newest jet engine running at full take-off power. Where's the smoke? There's no smoke at all.

The engine in the picture is on a test stand. But virtually smokeless engines just like it are now in airline service on the McDonnell Douglas DC-10.

There's more to jet exhaust than just smoke, of course. Our goal is to one day make jets run totally clean.

Jet noise is another problem. But while there's still a long way to go, GE has already succeeded in making the DC-10 engines quieter than those on other commercial jets. Even though the new engines are more than twice as powerful as most engines now in service.

GE has been chosen by NASA to help solve aviation industry noise problems. By 1973, we hope to have developed the technology needed to get engine noise well below anticipated federal standards.

Men
helping
Man

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ity to lift Pan Am. Halaby not only retained primary authority but, to the disappointment of four group vice presidents whom Halaby had named last June, he also won approval of his own outside candidate for the presidency.

Seawell, 53, a West Point graduate, also got a Harvard law degree and was a career Air Force officer until 1963, when he retired as a brigadier general and commandant of cadets at the Air Force Academy to enter private business. At American Airlines, he was credited with helping turn a troubled company into a

profitable one in short order and became known as a decisive, "do-it" man. Pan Am clearly can use him. Faced with an expected operating loss of close to \$40 million this year, the airline laid off 1,250 employees in the first two weeks of November alone. That will save some money, and many of the layoffs were reportedly made to convince Wall Street investors that Pan Am's outlook will improve. But last week of officers announced that the average Pan Am flight in October was only 50.1% full, down from 51.3% a year ago.

MILESTONES

Born. To Elliott Gould, 33, Hollywood anti-hero and ex-spouse of Barbra Streisand; and Jenny Bogart, 19, his girl friend; their first child, a girl; in Manhattan. Name: Molly.

Died. Bill Stern, 64, the sportscaster whose fanciful anecdotes ("And that little Italian boy with the baseball bat is now the Pope") earned him the nickname "Aesop of the Airways"; of a heart attack; in Rye, N.Y. A 1935 auto accident cost him a leg and made him a "legal" morphine addict for nearly 20 years, but Stern climbed to the top in radio and then TV sports coverage. His career crumbled when he suffered a nervous breakdown on the air while broadcasting the 1956 Sugar Bowl game for ABC-TV. He then kicked drugs and made a comeback in 1959. Recently, he narrated sports shows for the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Died. Colonel Rudolf Abel, 68, head of a Soviet spy network in the U.S. between 1948 and 1957; of lung cancer; in Moscow. Though he was later to deny that espionage consists of "rip-roaring adventures [or] a string of tricks," Abel had his share of both. He was an accomplished linguist and a radio technician who posed as a photographer and amateur artist while leading his double life in Brooklyn. There he rented a \$35-a-month studio near the federal courthouse. Like fictional spies, Abel used a variety of arcane items: hollow bolts and coins to carry messages, phony documents, cipher books. In 1953 one of his hollow nickels containing microfilm found its way into the hands of a newsboy, who gave the coin to the police. But FBI agents did not bag Abel until four years later, when an underling defected and turned him in. He admitted only that he had entered the U.S. illegally, but he was convicted and sentenced to 30 years. Four years later he was exchanged for U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers. Though most spies retire in anonymity, Abel received public honors.

Died. Yehuda Leib Levin, 77, chief rabbi of Moscow's Central Synagogue since 1957 and unofficial spokesman

for 3,000,000 Soviet Jews; of pneumonia; in Moscow. The white-bearded patriarch admitted that Jews in the Soviet Union suffer from the restrictions of "an atheistic culture." Like many religious leaders in Communist countries, however, he found it necessary to conciliate the regime. He took an anti-Zionist line and observed, accurately enough, during a U.S. visit in 1968: "There have been no pogroms."

Died. Dame Gladys Cooper, 82, exemplar of British dignity on stage and screen; of pneumonia; in Henley-on-Thames, England. A beautiful chorine who became World War I's foremost pinup girl by shamelessly exposing her ankles, Dame Gladys early turned to the legitimate stage. After achieving stardom in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in 1922, she managed London's Playhouse Theater. Planning to spend three weeks in Hollywood making Alfred Hitchcock's 1940 melodrama *Rebecca*, she remained for nearly three decades, playing in such movie classics as *Now, Voyager* and *Separate Tables*. Then she became the matriarch of a mob of high-class swindlers on the NBC comedy series *The Rogues*, cultivating yet another generation of fans during the mid-'60s. Her lifelong interest in the theater was reflected in her recent letter to TIME damning the play *Jesus Christ Superstar*: "Is there no Christianity left, no morals, no standards, no faith?"

Died. Charlie Dale, 90, deadpan half of Smith and Dale, longest-running comedy act in show business; in Teaneck, N.J. Joe Smith, now 87, and Charlie Dale met in 1898, when their bicycles collided on Manhattan's Lower East Side. A bystander who watched the ensuing argument compared them to the vaudeville team of Weber and Fields, and the two teen-agers took the comment seriously enough to begin working together as amateurs. They became headliners even before the Palace Theater was built in 1913. Even through TV appearances in the '60s, their low-comedy routine was remarkably unchanging:

Dale: How are things with you?

Smith: How should they be?

Dale: I'm glad to hear it.

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T-3

BOOKS

The Spur

ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN by Joseph P. Lash. 765 pages. Norton. \$12.50.

Eleanor Roosevelt's childhood sounds almost too bad to be true. To her father Elliott, she was "a miracle from heaven," but Elliott was usually drunk. Her mother Anna was a New York beauty who wanted "a precious boy." Aunt Edith took one look and concluded: "Her mouth and teeth seem to have no future." When she proved to be a solemn child, her mother took to referring to her as "Granny."

There were other misfortunes. For two tender years she painfully wore a metal back brace to correct a spinal curvature. On an 1887 ocean crossing—following a European tour that was unaccountably supposed to divorce Elliott from alcohol—the Roosevelts' ship was rammed by another, and Eleanor was treated to a *Titanic*-style scene of tragedy and hysteria that left her with a lifelong fear of water.

Shortly afterward, her parents separated; when Eleanor was eight, her mother died of diphtheria. The child frankly hoped that at last she would see more of her adored father. What usually happened was more like the afternoon he took her and three of their fox terriers for a walk as far as the Knickerbocker Club and parked his charges with the doorman. When father had not emerged six hours later, the doorman took child and dogs home.

When Eleanor was ten, Elliott died—literally from falling down drunk. The little girl went to live with her maternal grandmother Hall, who still had five unruly offspring at home in Oak Terrace, her Dutchess County mansion, and was none too quick of wit. There, too, liquor flowed as surely as the water in the Hudson near by. Eleanor's Uncle Vallie, only 25, was a mean, unpredictable drunk who, among other things, took potshots at people walking on the grounds. Unsteady of aim, he always missed, but such pastimes made daily life harrowing. Eleanor befriended the laundress and spent hours in the cellar cranking the wringer and learning how to iron.

God knows what would have become of her if her grandmother, surveying the Gothic shambles at Oak Terrace, had not shipped her off to an English boarding school in 1899. Miraculously, it was an enlightened place in which Eleanor blossomed. She excelled at studies, developed poise, and made the joyous discovery that the very traits that bored her family—candor, compassion, energy, an aversion to sham—could be highly valued.

This was the girl whom Franklin Roosevelt, a remote collateral, fell in love with and married in 1905, when she



SARA & ELEANOR (ca. 1904)



WITH JAMES, FRANKLIN & ANNA (ca. 1909)
Public triumph, private disaster.

was 21 and he was a handsome, dashing 23-year-old law student. The marriage eventually proved a durable public triumph, but a pitiful private disaster. As one astute cousin put it, "She had already lived through so much unhappiness and then to have married a man with a mother like Cousin Sally."

Sara Delano Roosevelt was a rich, idle, unintelligent widow who worshipped her son. Aged 50 when Eleanor and Franklin married, she had 35 years of relentless meddling left in her. It was she who bought the couple's houses (near or adjoining hers), furnished them with her own dreadful taste, staffed them with cadres of servants. When the six children began arriving, she contested Eleanor over every matter of upbringing. Franklin Jr. once recalled: "Granny referred to us as 'my children,' adding, 'Your mother only bore you.'"

This triangular ménage was apparently just fine with the cool, emotionally evasive Franklin. But why didn't Eleanor, who hated it, have the matter out with both of them? For one thing, she had no confidence in her femininity. Franklin loved gaiety, wit and late-night revels. Eleanor was serious, humorless and terrified of alcohol. As his political career progressed, her duties multiplied. She entertained thousands. What with homes in Hyde Park, Campobello, New York City and wherever Franklin was



SARA & ELEANOR (1937)

working, a ménage the size of a small army had to be moved several times a year.

This whole hectic, unrewarding world collapsed in 1918, when Eleanor, then 33, discovered that Franklin was having a serious affair with her secretary, Lucy Mercer. Eleanor offered a divorce but, thinking of his political career—and for once encountering opposition from his mother—Franklin agreed to leave Lucy. Thereafter, according to Lash, the intimate side of their marriage was over. As time passed, private relations in general deteriorated even further. Polio was for Franklin the permanent blow that Lucy Mercer was for Eleanor. He spent increasing amounts of time seeking cures in the South, especially Warm Springs, where Missy LeHand was his selfless secretary and hostess.

Actually, Eleanor was at home mostly among women. In the '20s, as she began her public career, she made several close women friends. "She always felt she had shared both her husband and children with another woman," writes Lash. "She needed people to whom she was the one and only and upon whom she could lavishly help, attention, tenderness." With two such friends, Nancy Cook, a Democratic party worker, and Marion Dickerman, a teacher, she even built a home near Hyde Park. She considered it home; linen was initiated jointly as EMN. Later the three quarreled, and Eleanor turned to younger protégés. Among them was young Joseph Lash, then a member of the leftist American Student Union.

The First Lady and the young radical



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its golden coating, the beauty of the decision is easy for all to see.

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Glazing Contractor: Larry's Glass & Mirror Co., St. Paul, Minn.

became intimate friends. The greatest praise that can be given his book is that it manages to bring all of Eleanor alive to those who remember her and those who don't. The public Eleanor, at first the subject of cruel jokes, eventually all but sanctified as U.N. ambassador, is more familiar. This Eleanor's range of activity was extraordinary, her energy atomic. In the Depression she fought for every project to create jobs, feed children, advance blacks. During World War II her tours of hospitals exhausted Admiral Halsey and left the redoubtable Clemmie Churchill collapsed on a staircase. Eleanor went on.

Lash examines all her major public activities: the famous column, the radio broadcasts, the political campaigns. But the book's real fascination is in the private material. Eleanor was, as Robert Sherwood wrote, "the keeper and constant spokesman for her husband's conscience," the unyielding idealist to the maneuvering pragmatist. She was fearless in pressing her convictions upon him. "Mother, can't you see you are giving Father indigestion?" asked Daughter Anna during one dinner-table diatribe.

It wasn't the only way Eleanor assaulted his stomach. Personally oblivious to what she ate, she insisted on supervising White House menus. When it got to the point of sweetbreads "about six times a week," F.D.R. fired off a memo: "I'm getting to the point where my stomach rebels and this does not help my relations with foreign powers. I bit two of them today."

Though Lash insists that she yearned to the end to be closer to her husband, she had really built an independent life. Anna was his last White House hostess. When he died on vacation in Georgia, Lucy Mercer, then a widow, whom he had been seeing again for a year or so, was with him. Eleanor wrote: "He might have been happier with a wife who was completely uncritical. That I was never able to be. Nevertheless I think I sometimes acted as a spur. I was one of those who served his purposes."

■ Martha Duffy

Socks Washed in Tears

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? by Gilbert Rogin. 260 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

Q. What is Singer trying to tell us?

A. You mean Singer, the anti-hero of Gilbert Rogin's new comic novel, whose wife peeks out shyly from under the closet door while he ponders what his life, if any, may mean?

Q. She doesn't peek, she waggles a finger. And it's not a novel, even if the dust jacket says it is; it's a wadded-up ball of short stories.

A. Well-crafted, however?

Q. Well-wadded, and very funny. But what's Singer up to?

A. He suspects that life matters, but that it doesn't matter that it matters.

Q. Nobody likes a smarthead.

A. Okay, he's figured out that life

If you hope you'll never be asked to explain how we made it to the moon...

If your child knows more about New Math than you do...

If your mother-in-law always seems to beat you at gin rummy...

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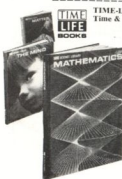
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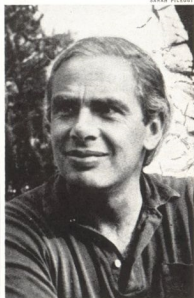
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doesn't matter, but it matters that it doesn't matter.

(Questioner and answerer resolve themselves into two halves of the Bemused Reader, who finds himself in the bathroom—where Rogin's characters seem to spend a good deal of time—staring into the mirror and mouthing the same word over and over again until it empties of meaning: "Velleity. Velleity. Velleity. . .")

It is a word that has to be looked up to be appreciated. "Velleity: volition in its weakest form." Rogin applies it proudly and neatly to his man Singer, a magazine writer becalmed somewhere around 40. Although his outlook is "upper-middle-class, Upper West Side,

SARAH PILEGGI



GILBERT ROGIN

Life was queer and unstrung.

Jewish-Ethical Culture," Singer is not unhappy. He is, in fact, "the most cheerful depressed person" he knows. But he has lost the thread.

In search of it, of whatever it is that binds random events together to make lives, he regards with wonder his wife, his stepchildren, his potted palm, his parents and even his ineffectual sperm (under his doctor's microscope they wriggle torpidly, like sunbathers). "Singer's wife is washing Singer's socks in the kitchen sink and weeping prodigally," a fairly typical episode begins. "Singer watches . . . He pays attention to the great, submerged tangle of black socks, mid-calf length; his wife's red, vehement face; her tears dropping at intervals into the murky water. He thinks: My socks are washed in her tears. What a heavy responsibility!"

Heavy indeed, but what to make of it? Nothing at all. Singer's life seems just as queer and unstrung to him in episode 22 as it did in the first. Likely it will stay that way. His father, who has a better grip on things, remarks: "Some-



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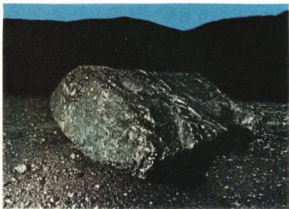


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with, we've incorporated in its 15" free-edge woofer a substantially larger magnet to achieve rich, heavy bass sounds. And we've added seven conical cones to avoid "divided vibrations" and provide strong reinforcement. A cellular horn unusual in a home speaker provides more crisp sound in the mid-ranges.

This speaker is also perfect for anyone interested in setting up a multi-amplifier stereo system. Its multi-channel input terminals permit you to hook up three separate power amplifiers, one to the woofers, one to the mid-ranges and one to the tweeters. We've also incorporated in it dual controls for both the middle and high frequency ranges. They're conveniently positioned on the front grille so there's no awkward reaching around behind your speaker to make any adjustments you want.

The whole system is enclosed in a walnut case specially constructed so there are no nails or screws to vibrate loose.

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times I stand back and look at you as though you're a piece of sculpture I'm carving," Singer protests that the carving is finished. His father agrees, perhaps ruefully: "There's a point when it's too late to change the concept. There's not enough material left."

Under the Bed. Take three fixed points: Philip Roth, John Cheever, Peter De Vries. Rogin is somewhere in the triangle they describe, nearer to Cheever than the others. Rogin shares Cheever's awareness of risk, his sense that to turn a corner of the banal may be to find oneself in a howling waste of strangeness.

This astringent strangeness allows Rogin to clown outrageously without losing control. Singer's parents invade his bedroom one Sunday morning. His wife finds the conversation unproductive and resettles herself under the bed. The conversation continues, and then Singer gets out of bed and joins his wife. Zoëy Glass and his mother come to mind. The slapstick works as well for Rogin as it did for Salinger.

It is hard to stop picking out the raisins from this amiable book. A last one: Singer, distracted, finds himself standing at the door of his stepdaughter's room. She is a messy teen-ager, scornful, baffling. She asks, after a time, what he is doing. "Taking stock," he flips back, quick on the uptake.

She looks at him and says, "Again?"

■ John Slow

At Gunpoint

THE COMPLETE STORIES by Flannery O'Connor. 555 pages. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. \$10.

Graham Greene once said that in any good writer a moment of crystallization occurs "when the dominant theme is plainly expressed, when the private universe becomes visible even to the least sensitive reader." In the work of Flannery O'Connor, who died in 1964 at age 39, that moment comes in one of her best-known stories, *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*. A maniac escaped from prison has just slaughtered a family despite the pitifully agile efforts of the grandmother to cajole or convert him. "She would of been a good woman," the convict mumbles, "if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life."

Flannery O'Connor's characters are often poor whites in the postwar South she knew well. The stories tend to start with limited people whose superficial fretfulness shields fathomless self-satisfaction—women who are always "giving thanks" and telling their "niggers" to do likewise. By the end, their world has been shattered by some agent of evil greater than anything their cramped spirits could even recognize.

In O'Connor's world, shrewdness does not count, nor do other traditional virtues such as thrift or planning ahead. *The Displaced Person* is a complex and

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appalling tragedy in which country people who think of themselves as hardy "survivors" destroy their own world rather than absorb a Polish refugee who is himself simply trying to survive. Few writers mix comedy and cruelty more offhandedly or more effectively. Witness a redneck farmhand's wife contemplating the Polish family's broken English: "They can't talk. You reckon they'll know what colors even is?" As her hostile speculations grow deadlier, she recalls a newsreel showing bodies stacked in a concentration camp, then thinks of — "ten billion of them pushing their way into new places over here."

On those occasions when the author is laughing at the South, she is casual, succinct and totally unpicturesque. An earnest revival preacher loses his audience after a child asks to have his mother cured of a hangover. There are ugly girls with names like Glynese or Carramae and crones like Mrs. Freeman of *Good Country People*, who "beside the neutral expression that she wore when she was alone had two others, forward and reverse."

Flannery O'Connor is seldom compassionate. She means it about that perpetual shot in the head. Her quarrel with people is that they cannot or will not see the wonder and terror of their existence. "Do you ever look inside and see what you are not?" shouts a crippled daughter at her bovine mother.

This collection brings together for the first time in one book all of Miss O'Connor's stories. Every one is good enough so that if it were the only example of her work to survive, it would be evident that the writer possessed high talent and a remarkably unclouded, unabstract, demanding intelligence. The best are among the best American short stories ever written.

■ M. D.

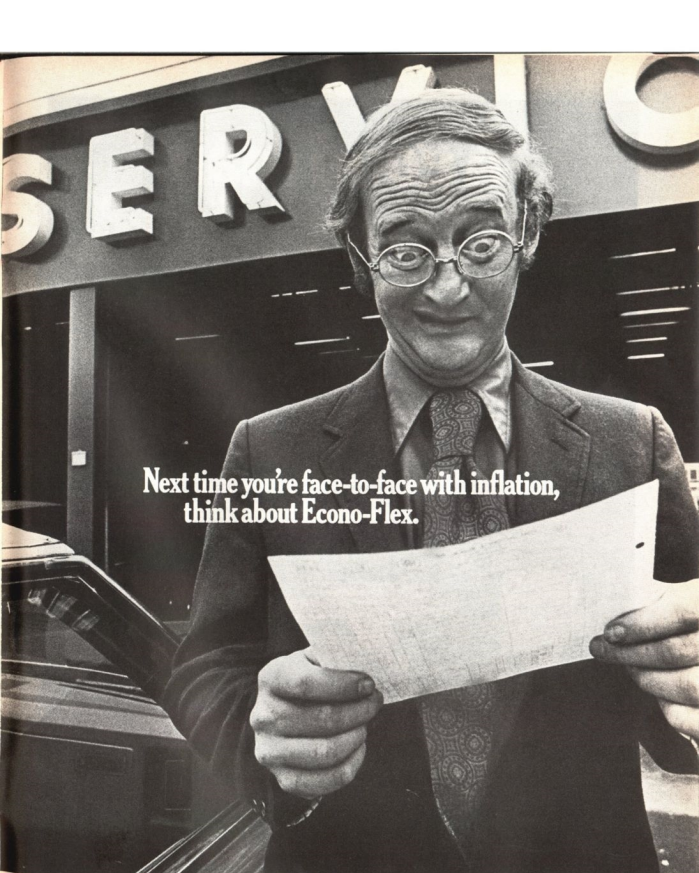
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Wheels, Hailey* (2 last week)
2. *The Day of the Jackal*, Forsyth (1)
3. *The Exorcist*, Blatty (3)
4. *Message from Malaga*, MacInnes (5)
5. *The Other*, Tryon (4)
6. *Bear Island*, MacLean
7. *Theirs Was the Kingdom*, Delderfield (6)
8. *Our Gang*, Roth
9. *The Tenants*, Malamud (8)
10. *Maurice*, Forster

NONFICTION

1. *Honor Thy Father*, Talese (6)
2. *Any Woman Can*, Reuben (1)
3. *Eleanor and Franklin*, Lash (4)
4. *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, Skinner (3)
5. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, Brown (2)
6. *The Lost Whole Earth Catalog*, Portola Institute (7)
7. *Without Marx or Jesus*, Revel (5)
8. *The Vantage Point*, Johnson
9. *Tracy and Hepburn*, Kanin
10. *The Chef's Secret Cook Book*, Szathmary



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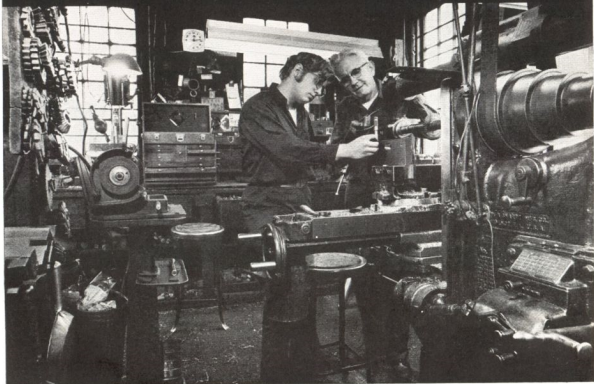
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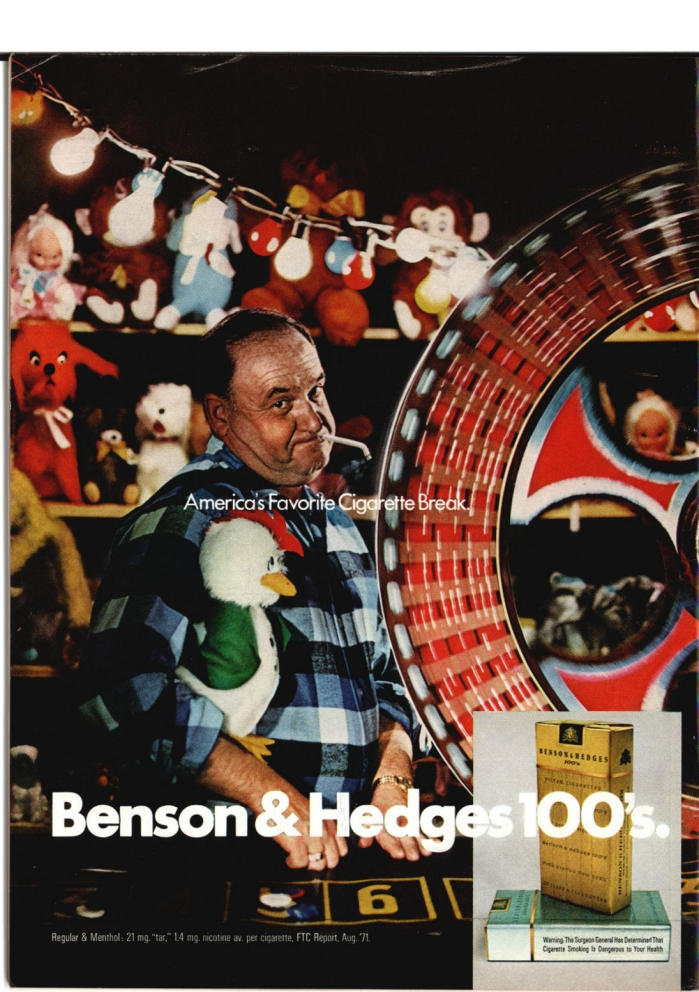
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